The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that the Clarendon Press are meditating a great and worthy enterprise, no less than a complete and magnificent edition of the British classics. The volumes will be produced in sumptuous form, and as far as possible the editing will be final. It is too soon as yet to give exact particulars, but it will be generally felt that the Clarendon Press is taking a step worthy of its greatest traditions in giving a fitting and permanent form to the classics of Britain.

We understand that Mr. J. M. Barrie is very busily engaged preparing a dramatic version of his novel, "The Little Minister."

The Robert Louis Stevenson memorial committee recently met in London. It was agreed, we understand, that the memorial should take some form of sculpture, the particular form to be decided by the means subscribed. Many are in favour of a statue, but it is felt that after Lord Rosebery's strong pronouncement against this there might be a difficulty. No appeal will be made to the public until a pretty complete organisation has been formed. It is hoped to raise a sum of £5,000.

Notice has been given that their full rights will be exercised by those in possession of Byron copyrights. This relates alike to the manuscripts of Lord Byron and Lady Byron. We agree with a writer in the *Globe* that it is to be regretted that there are two editions of Byron in the market, and that Mr. Henley's learning and critical acumen was not enlisted for a final issue. But we wish to draw attention to one point that has been strangely ignored in the discussions. Lady Byron, it is well known, left behind her many manuscripts which she meant to have used. She was in close association with literary men. Amongst her most intimate friends were Dr. George Macdonald, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, Mr. R. H. Hutton, and Dr. A. J. Ross. Dr. Ross was at one time a Presbyterian minister in Brighton, and afterwards joined the Church of England. He was chosen to edit the Lady Byron papers, but, for some reason never fully explained, this in the end was forbidden. Mr. Hutton's friendship with Lady Byron gives particular interest to the views he expressed on Mrs. Beecher Stowe's publication. He admitted that the story was told by Lady Byron to Mrs. Stowe, and that Lady Byron also told it to other friends. While regretting its publication, Mr. Hutton did not regard it as incredible, nor did he think it made Byron's character much worse than it was already known to be. However, on the publication of the remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* containing Lady Byron's letters to her sister-in-law, he admitted that he had been mistaken, and that the story could not be believed. Perhaps it has been decided to say nothing more on the subject, and yet silence will be found in the end impossible, and it may be wise to reveal all that is known.

The *Spectator* recently published what seemed to be an exaggerated statement of the circulation of Mr. Coventry Patmore's poems, especially in their cheap form. Through the kindness of Messrs. Bell and Sons and Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., we are able to give the exact figures. Messrs. Bell have sold since the middle of 1887 of the "Angel in the House" apart, 2,141 copies. Of the collected poems, including both the "Angel" and "Victories," 1,315 copies. The "Victories" they did not sell in separate form. Messrs. Cassell have sold 48,000 copies of the "Angel" and 17,000 of the "Victories." The totals are thus 51,456 of the "Angel" and 18,315 of the "Victories." When it is considered that Messrs. Cassell's volumes were published at the extraordinarily low price of threepence, and also that every volume in the series sold to a large extent as a number in the series independent of its contents, we cannot think that these figures prove Mr. Patmore to be still a popular poet.

We learn from a specially-informed correspondent in America that the editor of Thoreau, Mr. H. G. O. Blake, who is living at Worcester, Mass., has had long in view the selection and publication of two more volumes of Thoreau's Journal—Late Spring and Late Summer, which would make the circle of the year complete. It was the hope of Emerson that the whole Journals would some day be printed just as they stand, whether published elsewhere or not, and with all the variety of thought and observation which the entry for a single day might contain. It is not certain that this will be feasible, certainly not for a long time, but there can be little doubt that the purpose of Mr. Blake will take effect, and that before very long. This news will greatly gratify the increasing circle of Thoreau's admirers in England.

Apropos of the commencement of Mr. S. R. Crockett's new historical romance of "Lochinvar," it may not be amiss to note that in the old castle of Kenmure, which stands upon a tall mound at the head of Loch Ken, there is among its many fine old pictures one of a Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar. This portrait, which is known as that of

the "Young Lochinvar," shows a handsome person; the painting is much admired by excellent judges. It is said to be from the brush of Sir Peter Lely, but as that painter was born in 1618, only came to England in 1641, and died 30th, 1680, it cannot be the work of his hand, or it cannot be a portrait of the Sir John Gordon who was created Viscount of Kenmure and Lord of Lochinvar, by patent dated 8th May, 1633, and died 12th September, 1634.

Mr. William Canton intends some time in the spring to throw "The Invisible Playmate" and "W. V., Her Book," under one cover, to withdraw the "Various Verses," and to add a new chapter, which will complete his successful incursions into child life.

Messrs. Isbister and Co., Ltd., hope to issue at an early date "A Study of St. Paul," by that wonderfully versatile and solid man of letters, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. It may be taken for granted that we shall here find under one cover the scattered results of recent research both in this country and abroad, and a new and interesting light will be thrown on the one great crux in the chronology, which has hitherto baffled the biographers of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has completed a new short story, in length some 12,000 words, to which he has given the title of "Slaves of the Lamp."

Mr. Max Pemberton's "Christine of the Hills," to be published by Messrs. Innes and Co., is a story of the Adriatic and of the beautiful mountain town of Jajce in Bosnia. Some of the scenes of the book are laid in Vienna, but the heroine of it is an Italian. It is to be published before the end of February.

Notwithstanding precarious health and the pressure of regular duties, Canon Knox Little has nearly got ready for the press the concluding chapters of his new work, "St. Francis of Assisi, his Times, Life, and Work." The book has entailed a great amount of labour, for not only has the whole literature of the subject been surveyed, but a careful scrutiny has been made of all the original authorities. Isbister and Co., Ltd., who are the publishers, expect to issue the work early in the spring.

Mr. Louis Becke is collecting a number of his short stories which have recently appeared in various periodicals, with a view to their publication in volume form in the early spring.

The title of Mr. Anthony Hope's sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" is "Ruput of Hartzan" It will appear as a serial in the *Pall Mall Magazine* prior to publication in book form.

There is no lack of constitutional histories and technical text-books about the powers and procedure of Parliament, but up to the present no one appears to have attempted a complete picture of what may be conveniently termed the human side of the work done in the two Houses. During the past ten years Mr. MacDonagh, who has had considerable experience as a descriptive writer and reporter at Westminster, has given his attention to this subject, and the result is "The Book of Parliament," which will be published by Isbister and Co., Ltd., early this month. The book, which is enlivened with many racy political stories, traces the course of a Parliament from the General Election down to the dissolution, describes its ceremonies and customs, and places before the reader a clear account of the forms and technicalities of procedure. Mr. MacDonagh, it will be remembered, has just issued a biography of Bishop Doyle.

Major Pond, referring to the paragraph in our December issue respecting Ian Maclaren's and Dr. Conan Doyle's American lectures, says:—"I enclose the itinerary of Ian Maclaren's late American tour. You will see that he preached every Sunday while in America except two. He lectured every secular day, and often twice a day, and on several occasions three times a day. As to Dr. A. Conan Doyle's American tour being a comparative failure, it was a genuine success. The Doctor gave forty lectures in November and December, 1894. He appeared in about thirty of our principal cities, and large and appreciative audiences greeted him wherever he went. I offered him an additional forty engagements if he would remain, but he had promised to be home with his family for Christmas, and thought more of his promise than of money. I want several such failures as Dr. A. Conan Doyle it you can send them to me." Our authority was our able contemporary, the New York *Critic*.

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, the well-known interviewer, has written an exhaustive history of the great work which was initiated and is now being carried on by Dr. Barnardo at his "Home" in East London. Mr. Blathwayt sailed for Canada at the end of January in order that he might inquire personally into the result of Dr. Barnardo's well-known emigration scheme, and from Canada he will forward special chapters upon the subject of emigration for inclusion in the book. Mr. Blathwayt will proceed to India after leaving Canada.

Mr. James Bowden is to be the publisher of Mr. Clark Russell's new book on Nelson, entitled "Our Great Naval Hero." It will not be issued until "Trafalgar Day," but is to be sumptuously produced and profusely illustrated. We understand that Mr. Bowden has secured the copyright of the book for England and America.

Mr. Levett Yeats, who promised a new historical novel a year ago, is likely to follow up "The Honour of Savelli" with a short story of about 20,000 words. Mr. Yeats, we believe, has another Italian story in hand, but it is not likely to be finished just yet. He is at present in the Punjaub, and the duties of a frontier station leave him very little time for literary work.

"East End Idylls" is the probable title of a new volume which it is believed will attract considerable attention when it appears. The author is Mr. A. St. John Adcock, whose early work—like that of many now well-known authors—was published in Mr. F. W. Robinson's little monthly, *Home Chimes*, now unhappily extinct. Mr. St. John Adcock, who was formerly connected with the legal profession, has contributed fiction to the *Cornhill Magazine* (in Mr. James Payn's time) and several poems to the *Spectator*, and a novel of his, which has been very favourably noticed, was published recently by Mr. George Redway,

under the title of "Beyond Atonement." His new book, "East End Idylls," is to be issued by Mr. James Bowden.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish in the spring, in his "Children's Study," a book on Greek mythology, by Miss Alice Zimmern. The title will be "Old Tales from Greece."

The first volume of the "Outward Bound" edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works is to be published, according to present arrangements, this month. In addition to the copies printed on ordinary hand-made paper, there will be a limited number printed on Japanese vellum. As we announced last month, Messrs. Scribner are the publishers, and the "Outward Bound" is for sale only in America.

Mr. W. C. Scully, the author of "Kaffir Stories," has a new volume of similar tales in the press. Mr. Rider Haggard is said to have a high opinion of Mr. Scully's work, and it will be remembered that many of these Kaffir stories have been published serially in the *African Review*.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company are to publish Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Hilda Strafford" in America. In England, Mr. Blackwood is to add to this story, which is very short, another called "The Remittance Man," but in America "Hilda Strafford" will, probably, be published alone. There seems no hope now that Miss Harraden's long novel will be ready this year. Eight chapters remain to be written, but Miss Harraden declares that she has not at present the mental vigour necessary to undertake them. She is to return shortly to her home in California.

Mr. Wells' new imaginative story, which deals with a visit to this planet of the strange men of Mars, is now finished, we understand. Mr. Heinemann has a very high opinion of it, and will publish it early in the spring.

Mr. Anthony Hope's books seem to have at least as great a popularity in America as they have in this country. We hear that Messrs. Stolus, the American publishers of his new novel, "Phroso," have already sold some 20,000 copies. The book will be on sale in this country in the early part of the month.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's new book, "In Childhood's Country," having been unavoidably delayed in production, Mr. Bowden, the publisher, has decided to postpone the issue of the book until the autumn.

Mr. Guy Boothby's "The Fascination of the King" will be published in book form in this country in the early spring, by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

Mrs. Orpen's new novel, "Perfection City," will be published here in the early spring by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., and in America by Messrs. Appleton and Co., in their Town and Country Library.

We hear that Mr. Edward Rose has decided not to dramatise any more novels, at any rate in the meantime, and that he is now busy writing an entirely original play.

Mr. Bret Harte has just written a new poem of the "Truthful James" order, entitled "Free Silver at Angel's."

Mr. Frankfort Moore's "The Jessamy Bride," which ran as a serial in the *Illustrated London News*, will be published in book form almost immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Miss Gertrude Atherton has recently completed the MS. of a new story entitled "His Fortunate Grace."

Miss Wickham, whose pleasing novel "Loveday" should have been a much greater success than it was, has written a new story, which she calls "Meklis." This is a book dealing largely with gipsy life—a wild, picturesque romance which should find a large public. Miss Wickham is a slow worker, and will only tell a story when she is sure of a powerful plot.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is determined to start his publishing business on a very large scale. It has been said that he is to try the experiment, often tried, and as often a failure, of the two-shilling paper-covered book. But this is to be only one side of his enterprise. The six-shilling novel will be the backbone of his business. He has already made arrangements for one or two big books, and should start with a very strong list.

Mr. Benson's "Babe" is creating much amusement at Cambridge amongst those who think they detect the originals of the many humorous puppets which ornament Mr. Benson's stage. Mr. Oscar Browning is freely pointed to as one original; but this is nothing new, for no book has been written recently upon Cambridge in which Mr. Oscar Browning is not supposed to figure. It is different in the case of other dons; and rumour says that the Common Room of King's has been enlivened very considerably by this little story.

Mr. Lawson, to whose "In the Days when the World was Wide" Mr. Le Gallienne awarded generous praise in a recent number of the *Idler*, is at present one of the "lions" of literary Australia. Mr. Lawson was married not long since, and has for the present abandoned authorship, having gone to Coolgardie.

Another Australian novelist, Miss Louise Mack, who contributed a volume recently to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Little Novels" Series, has also entered into the bonds of matrimony. She is now Mrs. Creed, and, like Miss Ethel Turner of "Seven Little Australians" fame, has married a barrister.

In referring, in our January number, to the volume on "Ice Sports," to be issued by Messrs. Innes, we said that the author, Mr. Theodore Cook, rowed in the Oxford Eight in 1890. We should have said, in 1889.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

DECEMBER 21, 1896, TO JANUARY 23, 1897.

The four days preceding Christmas were about the busiest ever known in the wholesale trade, which would mean the same for the retail. The weather was fine until Christmas eve, by which time the bulk of the retail business would be transacted. Trade has been very good since, and the slack time usually experienced with the advent of the New Year was delightfully absent. This statement is confirmed by the retailers. Foreign and colonial business has been good and steady.

What is being read? This question is best answered by stating what is being sold. The reply is six-shilling novels principally. The favourite is "On the Face of the Waters," not one of its many competitors coming near it in public

favour. The publication of New Books and New Editions has re-commenced with vigour. Since Christmas, during one week, nearly 150 appeared. It requires considerable activity and system on the part of the bookseller to keep himself posted in the latest issues. Fortunately for him reliable lists are issued (one of them twice a week, in which no book is inserted until actually on sale), and by studying these he will not be at a loss for the information his customers need.

All books dealing with South Africa still claim attention, conspicuous among them being Selous' "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia," which on the eve of the Jameson inquiry is not likely to show any abatement of sales.

The execution of orders for back parts of magazines occupies a considerable amount of time and labour on the part of the wholesale at this time of the year. What a large number of the millions of magazines issued in a year are torn or lost! The general opinion is that in this matter children and dogs are the friends of the bookseller. The production of new magazines continues merrily, each one endeavouring to outshine its rivals. But in their departments the *Woman at Home*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Quiver*, *Sunday at Home*, and other old favourites remain undisturbed.

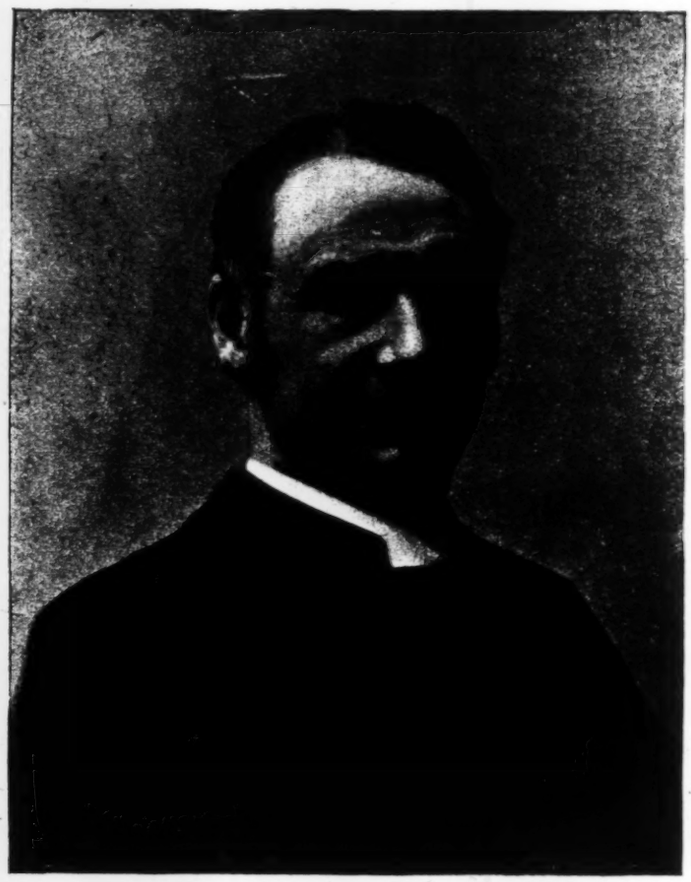
The trade in diaries and almanacs has been brisk; it is always so as the year begins, the public suddenly discovering on the first of January that a fresh twelvemonth has commenced. Annuals of various kinds and diocesan calendars (always spelt "kalendars," by the bye) form a considerable item in the amount of business done. Hazell's Annual and Whitaker's Almanac sell in very large numbers.

Orders for Marie Corelli's new six-shilling novel, entitled "Ziska," to be published on the 15th of February, are coming in very freely. So far nearly 40,000 copies have been bespoken by the trade.

The announcement of a work by the Librarian of Windsor Castle, entitled "Queen Victoria," has led to the trade applying for copies before the book is ready, to a degree that must be unprecedented.

Appended is a list of the best selling books of the hour:—

On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
The Babe B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
The Devil Tree of El-Dorado. By J. Ackworth. 6s.
Three Girls in a Flat. By E. F. Heddle. 6s.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Joan Seaton. By M. Beaumont. 4s. 6d. net.
Tom Sawyer, Detective. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d.
Emma. By Jane Austen. (Illus. Standard Novels.) 3s. 6d.
Rich and Poor. By Mrs. B. Bosanquet. 3s. 6d. net.



IAN MACLAREN (TAKEN IN AMERICA).

Evil and Evolution. 3s. 6d.
The Clock of Nature. By H. Macmillan. 5s.
Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.
Poems of Robert Browning. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
My Theatrical, etc., Recollections. By Emily Soldene. 10s. 6d.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.
Clog Shop Chronicles. By J. Ackworth. 3s. 6d.
Life in West London. By A. Sherwell. 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 26, 1896.—Four very busy days and then two closed days. Export fairly active.
Jan. 2, 1897.—A good week for the season, quieter at the close. Foreign and colonial a little busier.
" 9, " —The same as last week, both in Home and Export Departments.
" 16, " —A better week, school orders coming in. Export a little busier.
" 23, " —A good many school orders still being received. A better week than last. Foreign and Colonial still busy.

NEW WRITERS.

MISS WINIFRED LUCAS.

THE authoress of "Units," a volume of poems published by Mr. Lane some months ago, has given us yet no great body of work; but the qualities of her verse, the worthiness of its thought, its certain touch, its fine finish, have already won her most friendly appreciation among fastidious critics. The little poem that gave the title to the volume is a fair sample of her power.

"Love turns a year to days,
An hour
He breaks
To instants separate as a diamond shower;
He shakes
From its dull face a blaze
Of pointed rays,
Made units by his power.
So from the rule of tyrannous Time he takes
The months, weeks, days,
And separate pulses of their treasure makes
To Time's amaze."

Miss Lucas was born in London in 1867, and was privately educated. She used metre very early, but her

MISS WINIFRED LUCAS.

attention was first seriously drawn to the importance of "form" by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, the author of many books, both in prose and poetry. He was her tutor in the structure of the sonnet, a form that has exercised particular fascination over her.

In 1886 she printed some verses in a small book of eight pages, for private circulation. Being encouraged to go on writing by the appreciation accorded by various friends, she began to contribute verses to periodicals.

In 1888 she printed, again privately, a little book of thirty-one pages, under the title "Lana Caprina," which, although not published, received at least one kindly notice, written by the late Mrs. Augusta Webster, who took great interest in her attempts.

Five years later, in 1893, Miss Lucas printed another volume (fifty-one pages) of verses, originally intended for private circulation, but afterwards published by the author, of which a few copies were sold. One of the copies, in its original form, reached Mrs. Meynell, by the hands of Mr. Norman Garstin. The poems appealed at once to Mrs. Meynell's sympathies, and she expressed her admiration for them in the "Wares of Autolycus" columns in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

In 1895 Miss Lucas printed privately another volume of poems. Some verses from each of these last mentioned booklets are included in "Units," which has at length brought her within the circle of those writers who need be seriously considered by lovers of poetry.

THE READER.

NEW LIGHT ON THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND.*

By Dr. William Wright.

THOSE who have done me the honour to read my book on the Brontës in Ireland, must have observed that it consisted of two parts—the *traditional* and the *historical*. The traditional rests almost entirely on the stories told by Hugh, the grandfather of the novelists. These stories came to me unsought during my childhood and undergraduate days, and I have recently been reminded, by one now occupying a prominent position, that I got into disgrace on my first day in a public school because I kept the class from their studies while I narrated to them the stories that form the groundwork of my book.

The tradition reached me from many lips, but it was always the same in substance, and I considered it my duty to follow the main current of the story, on which nearly all were agreed.

During a residence of nearly ten years among the Arabs, I learned to set much value on the traditions of a bookless people. Stories that descend from father to son generally rest on substantial facts, but they should be recorded as traditions, with an account of the narrator and the opportunities he may have had for knowing the truth of what he narrated. These simple canons I observed, giving not only the source of the traditions, but the channels through which they reached me, and it was only when I had followed little Hugh on his flight northward as far as Dundalk, that I was able to say, "We have now reached more solid ground in the life of Hugh Brontë, and from this point onward his career, and that of his descendants, lie before us within well-defined geographical limits" (p. 76).

Hugh Brontë's stories contained no fixed point in chronology. The scenes and circumstances of which he spoke lay simply behind him as he fled from Drogheda to Dundalk. The early Brontë home was on the banks of the Boyne. As a conjecture, I placed the date vaguely after the battle which made the river famous.

It was a mere approximation. It might have been earlier, or it might have been later, most likely later. I had no chronological landmarks to guide me. On this vague conjecture an unfriendly critic constructed an

* Address delivered at Bradford, Jan. 16th, at the third annual meeting of the Brontë Society.

elaborate genealogical tree with dates, and of course he lopped the branches off at his own sweet will. The dates were purely his own invention, but unfortunately a few readers supposed they were mine. The same critic makes what he considers another point. I referred in a note to the scant knowledge possessed by the Brontës of their family history. I said, "I visited most of them, and the vague information they had to communicate was merely an echo from the English biographies." The context shows that I referred to the Brontës of to-day, but the critic makes me say that Hugh Brontë's children did not know the stories told by their father. On this perverted note, and the invented chronology, with a few minor perversions thrown in, he worked up an attack on my book of a kind not common in modern journalism. I did not consider

PRUNTY IN THE BOAT WITH MR. MARTIN (TAKEN FROM THE ISLAND).

that either the substance or the style of the review merited a reply from me, and I only refer to it now because I see a tendency on Mr. Shorter's part to shield himself behind it, since I demonstrated in THE BOOKMAN of December last that his assertions regarding my book are baseless.

I will not assume, however, that Mr. Shorter considers it consistent with his honour, or literary ethics, to continue the publication of statements shown to be without foundation . . . . nor need I follow this matter further, as the new light I have to disclose settles, in my opinion, the central fact in Hugh Brontë's narrative.

Although Hugh Brontë's stories contained no fixed points in chronology, as far as I know, they worked round two geographical landmarks. One of these was known to be in the neighbourhood of Drogheda. It was the old home of the Brontë family. Hugh's grandfather may have been the first to settle on the banks of the Boyne, or he may not. Such links in an oral narrative are easily missed by the hearers, and Hugh's knowledge of his ancestors must have been limited. There has never, however, been any doubt among the Brontës that the cradle of their race was in the neighbourhood of Drogheda, and the visit of a mysterious female relative* who came from Drogheda to Ballynaskeagh was a matter of common knowledge.

The other geographical landmark was declared by Hugh to be "somewhere in the South of Ireland." It was the home in which his father had settled after the dispersal of the Brontës by Welsh. It was the home from which he had been taken away by Welsh when he was, as he believed, five or six years of age. The discovery of this home always seemed to me to be a matter of the greatest importance with a view to the verification of Hugh's stories. As I have narrated in my book, I spent two months of my undergraduate holidays in trying to discover the spot. My only guidance was Hugh's minute narrative, which I knew by heart, and especially his description of the scene on the morning after his first fearful night.

The journey of Hugh's thrilling narrative occupied four nights. The rate of progress would necessarily be slow, and I concluded that the whole distance would probably be from 100 to 120 miles. I marked out a track in the south at a radius from Drogheda of 100 miles, and I searched it very thoroughly for Brontës, but in vain. In a note in my book (p. 49) I suggested that I may have been on the wrong track, and I added, "his" (Hugh's) "journey after all may have been from the north, and the child may have mistaken the waters of a lake for the sea."

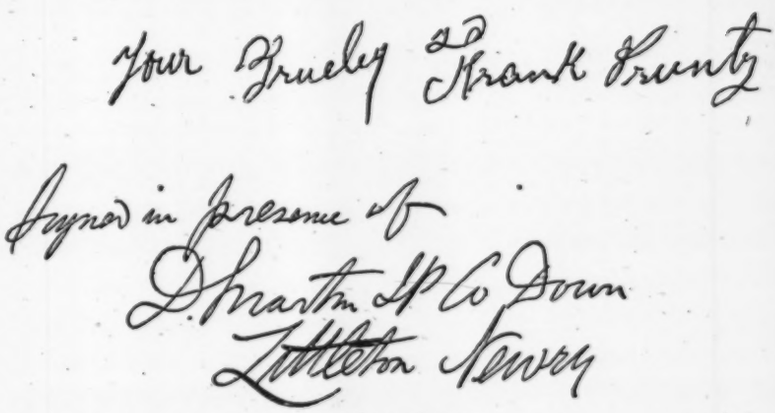
On November 16th, 1894, Mr. Andrew Lang, to whom I am indebted for valuable criticism both public and private, wrote me: "If I were you I would find out the ancestry of Prunty, if gravestones exist." I never had any doubt as to

* I followed the tradition that the lady was Hugh's Aunt Mary, but Alice assured Mr. Lusk that she was Hugh's sister, and Miss Shannon is of the same opinion. Possibly she may have been a younger sister of Hugh's, who may have been staying at Drogheda with the Aunt Mary after the tragic death of Welsh.

the specific gravity of the Brontës, intellectually or otherwise, but I had some misgivings as to their ever having reached the status of social emulation that leads to the erection of gravestones. The discovery, however, has at last come, not through records in stone, but by the identification of a vigorous descendant of the dispersed Brontës. The following letter, accompanied by photographs, tells the story. The writer is Mr. David Martin, J.P., of Newry.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,—I have pleasure in sending you some photos, and wish to explain to you how I came to have them. Having myself most thoroughly enjoyed reading your book, "The Brontës in Ireland," I lent it to Mr. Henry Barcroft, D.L., The Glen, Newry, who also read it with much interest, and as he happened, some short time after, to be in the neighbourhood of Lough Erne, he came across a Lough pilot named Prunty. A conversation with him revealed the fact that he was a connection of the celebrated Brontë family. Knowing that I was particularly interested in your book, as being myself a native of Rathfriland, and having known some of the Brontës in that neighbourhood; and also on account of the author being one of the friends of my youth, he wrote me giving the facts he had gathered from his interview with Prunty. This letter I sent on to you at the time, and seeing it in the preface to the third edition of your book, I resolved to see Prunty and his surroundings, so that I might hear from his own lips more particulars of his history.

I was anxious to get some views of the place, and also a photo of Prunty, so I asked a friend who was a good amateur photographer to accompany me. This friend, John Edgar Connor, son of the late Dr. Samuel Connor, J.P., of Newry, most willingly consented, and did his work well, for we returned with six negatives of what turned out to be excellent views.



PRUNTY'S SIGNATURE.

We went to Clones, via Portadown and Armagh, by an early train. At Clones we engaged a "Jarvey" who had a smart "cob" horse and a well-appointed "jaunting car," to drive us to the Lough at the nearest point to Prunty's house, some six miles distant. The part of the Lough we arrived at was where the Ulster canal enters Lough Erne.

On arriving, we were pointed out Prunty's house, on a rising ground on the island.

As I had written to the lock-keeper at Wattle Bridge to make sure that Prunty would be at home, the latter was evidently expecting us, as on our arrival we immediately saw him come out of his house to meet us. As he walked down the one field intervening, to cross the lake, it was very evident that he was a man of intelligence and energy.

While my friend was getting his camera ready for his first view—the house, including the lake and part of the shore on either side, giving it the appearance of a river—I went to meet Prunty.

He sculled across in a peculiar flat-bottomed boat, which had some loose hay in the stern, part of a crop only being gathered by his workers at this late season, 11th November.

I fear he was somewhat disappointed when I told him our errand, as, no doubt, he expected an engagement to pilot some boats down Lough Erne. He was exceedingly civil, however, and gave me the following account, after giving his own name and address as Frank Prunty, of Derrykerril, Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh:

"My father was a native of these parts, but my grandfather, or great-grandfather, came from somewhere about Galway, I believe. (This he corrected afterwards, as I will explain further on.) There were two brothers of them, but only my great-grandfather came down here to the islands (of Lough Erne). His brother and he 'split' on the road somewhere about Castle Saunderson, his brother going towards Belfast, Newry, or somewhere in that direction, but my father never knew any of that branch. I believe the name in the south was 'Brontë,' but here it was changed to 'Prunty.'

"I heard all this from my father, who lived to ninety, and died about three years ago. He had one brother. My mother is dead twelve or fifteen years. I am now about fifty years old, and am married, but have no family. There are no other Pruntys about here now, except one niece, who lives beside me, only on the mainland. We are Roman Catholics, but I believe all the friends in Co. Down are members of the Church of Ireland. You see we got intermarried here, and in time all became Roman Catholics."

After he told me all this in answer to my questions, we crossed in his boat, and went to his cottage, of which my friend took views.

At first he was very decided in his objection to have his likeness taken, as he said he "was not dressed for it," but before leaving the boat he consented to allow it, if I stood beside him in the boat. This view was taken from the island, and took in the locks of Ulster canal on the mainland. When leaving, he offered to take us back to our conveyance through Castle Saunderson grounds, so we crossed at a different point in a boat similar to his own.

As we walked about his place and on to Castle Saunderson, we often referred to his friends and family connections, and I thus found out incidentally that, although he had very meagre knowledge of the Co. Down Brontës, yet he evidently had no doubt as to his connection with them.

He was greatly interested when I told him that the first tailor who made clothes for me as a lad was Brontë, or Brunty, of Rathfriland, Co. Down.

When I mentioned that this tailor was said to be descended from some one of this name, who came from about Drogheda, he at once asked: "Where is that? Is it in the South, too? Where did I say my great-grandfather came from?" All these without waiting for a reply. When I said, "You told me Galway," he at once asked if that were near Drogheda, for that, when I mentioned it, he remembered he had heard his father mention it, but he had himself confused it with Galway. You must remember that Frank Prunty, although naturally intelligent and smart, is by no means an educated man, and was evidently "at sea" when spoken to about any books written by or about his friends, and also as to places or their geography.

You can judge of his writing by the three autographs I sent you, written in his own house with my "Swan" pen. We got two photos of Prunty at his own cottage, but I think the best is one we got just leaving Castle Saunderson, while he was standing at the gate, and about to close it.

Before this he was anxious we should get a "view" of another interesting place a few perches further on. This place turned out to be a roadside public-house where he had killed some pigs early that morning.

We all—the Jarvey included—contented ourselves with the view outside the house, where we saw in a shed, hanging up in the usual fashion, the pigs ready for market. . . .

Knowing you would be interested in our visit to this friend of the Brontës in Ireland, I give you this hurried report.—Yours sincerely,

D. MARTIN.

Littleton, Newry, 31st Dec., 1896.

In dealing with matters of this kind we have to be content with less than mathematical certainty, but I think that most people capable of weighing evidence will be satisfied that at last the early home of Hugh Brontë has been discovered, and the leading fact in his stories confirmed.

The distance of the place from Drogheda is less than I had supposed; but in estimating the length of journey involved in four nights' travelling, I did not take sufficiently into account the roadless character of the country, the bridgeless rivers, and the necessary detours from village to village when crossing the country.

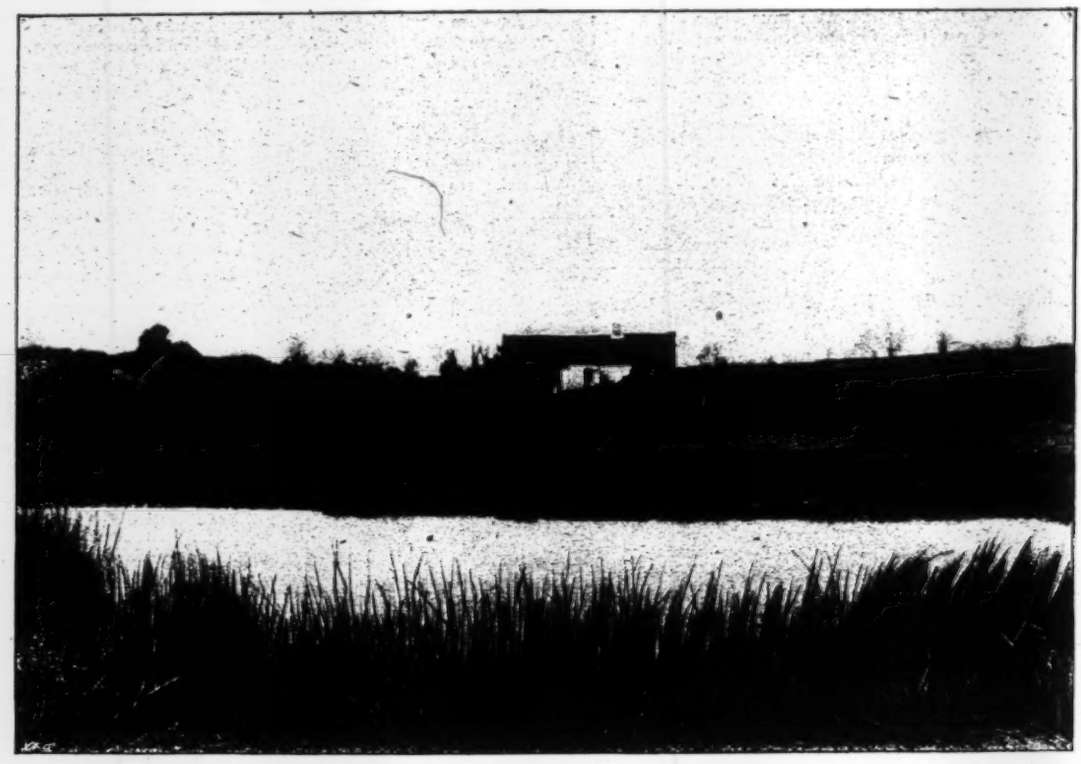
The doubt in Prunty's mind as to whether it was his grandfather or great-grandfather who first migrated to Lough Erne is worth noting.

The admission that the family was once Protestant, and

the tradition that they belonged to the Brontë stock of County Down, are strong points.

The reference to a niece living on the mainland may suggest that Hugh's father may have lived there, the niece occupying the old home, and that would certainly fit in better with Hugh's description of the sheet of water to the west on the morning after his first miserable night.

The name "Prunty" leaves the question of the spelling of the name where it was. Frank Prunty distinctly declares that the name was changed from Brontë to Prunty at Lough Erne. The question is unsettled still, and our business is to state the facts, wherever they may lead.



PRUNTY'S HOUSE ON THE ISLAND (TAKEN FROM THE MAINLAND).

I have a copy of Patrick Brontë's arithmetic. It was published in Dublin in 1789, and on a fragment of the last page I find the following inscription:

"Patrick Pruty's book, bought in the year 1795."

On page 240 there is written in the same hand "Patrick Prunty, his book." At page 249 the inscription runs—"Patrick Prunty, his book and pen."

This spelling seems to run amuck through the theory that the name in County Down was always Brontë or Brunty. But as a matter of fact the name Brunty reasserts itself on page 250, 232, and the name Walsh Bronte stands on pages 240 and 66. It must, however, be remembered that Patrick Brontë began his education when he was a mature youth, and that these names must have been among his earliest efforts in writing. I have also Hugh Brontë's geography, published in Dublin in 1795. The name in it stands, "Hugh Bronte. His book in the year 1803." In all the other documents and inscriptions that have come under my observation the name has always begun with B.

In my account of Hugh Brontë's Tenant-right oration, I mentioned that he always began with a little black Bible in his hand.

That little book has now come into my possession, and it turns out to be a New Testament, with Prayer-book and Psalms. The Testament published by John Baskett, of the Oxford University Press, in 1728, and the Psalms (Sernhold and Hopkin's version), published in London in 1731. This volume has the name "Allie Bronte" written inside the back cover. It was also written by the same hand inside the front cover, but it can only be deciphered by the aid of a powerful glass.

We have here the signature of her who was once the beautiful Alice McClory, but who afterwards became known as Allie or Ayles Brontë.

I have deposited these books at the Brontë Museum, to be examined by those who have more leisure and more skill than I have in unravelling mysteries, and I would here express my thanks to Mr. Lusk, through whose persevering efforts the volumes were obtained.

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

ARE EDITORS TO RETURN UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS?

As this claim appears to be made in some quarters, we have written to various editors, and now publish their opinions. It is intended to continue the discussion.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your inquiry, I have to say that we do not guarantee the return of MSS. when they are sent in unsolicited.

As a matter of fact, however, the MS., when accompanied with stamps, is invariably returned; and further, when unaccompanied by stamps, a notice is sent to the author stating that the MS. has been considered, and that it will be returned upon receipt of the proper amount of postage stamps.

It would be manifestly unjust to make editors responsible

for unsolicited communications.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

FREDERIC HAMILTON,
Editor *Pall Mall Magazine.*

18, *Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.,*
Jan. 19th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you are discussing this important matter of unsolicited MSS., a matter which is growing interesting in proportion to the increase of authors and would-be authors.

We try to return speedily any rejected MSS., if they are accompanied by stamps or a stamped envelope, but we cannot and will not guarantee their safety if sent unsolicited.

Last year we received nearly 1,500 manuscripts, of which not more than thirty-five were accepted. This fact may prove how precarious is the "survival of the fittest" and how industrious are the scribes of to-day. But why there is such a rooted objection to reading one's magazine before submitting utterly impossible stories and articles "no man knoweth." Nor why people will forget to enclose stamped envelopes of sufficient size to contain the MS., and to write clearly their name and address on the MS., I leave to every editor to settle.

The tiny proportion of acceptances in so large a total as 1,500 shows that we gain little by inspecting manuscripts, and brings into the right light the question of returning manuscripts. An editor gains so little at the cost of immense expenditure of time and trouble; therefore, surely the correspondent ought to see that he is not put to any further trouble in the shape of returning MSS. at his own expense. Too often the would-be contributor makes a demand on an editor's time and patience without any consideration of the fact that he is not exercising a right but a privilege.

If a magazine requests manuscripts, well and good. But if it does not, yet is bombarded every day by essays on "The Influence of Milton," and 60,000 word novels by immature amateurs, let the latter at least send their contributions at their own peril, and with sufficient postage for probable return; for patience and postage stamps is the law of life in literature.—I am, yours truly,

DAVID WILLIAMSON.

The "Windsor Magazine," Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., Jan. 19th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In reply to your inquiry, I beg to inform you that the following formula has been in use in connection with the *English Illustrated Magazine* from its foundation:—

"All MSS. should bear the name and address of the sender, and must be accompanied by the necessary postage stamps for their return in case of non-acceptance. The editor will endeavour to send back rejected MSS., but cannot guarantee their safe return."

This formula I have simply carried on from the usage of previous editors of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and it seems to me to meet the case adequately. Whatever the precise state of the law on the subject, it is quite clear to me that there should be no possible obligation on the part of an editor to return MSS. sent to him, any more than a householder should be expected to return the various pattern samples which enterprising proprietors of calicoes and cocoas choose to forward to his address. Considering the carelessness with which the MSS. are constantly being forwarded to an editor, with perhaps a pseudonym and no address written upon them, and with a letter carrying frequently another name, life would scarcely be worth living to the conductor of a flourishing periodical were he compelled, under penalties, to guarantee the return of every MS. This is not to say that it is not desirable that MSS. should be sent back to their authors, as far as possible. The literary career is arduous enough in its beginnings for most writers, and it is not for anyone who loves letters to discourage it. I do my best to return every manuscript, much as I resent the arrogant assumption of the uninvited contributor who writes bellicose letters because his story has not been read and decided upon within a few hours of receipt.—I am, sir, yours sincerely,

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

The "Illustrated London News," Limited, 198, *Strand, London, W.C., Jan. 13th,* 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your inquiry, I can hardly do better than give you our notice to contributors:—

"NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* cannot hold himself responsible in any case for the return of MSS. or Sketches. He will, however, always be glad to consider any contributions, literary or pictorial, which may be submitted to him; and when postage stamps are enclosed every effort will be made to return rejected contributions promptly. Contributors are specially requested to put their names and addresses *on* their manuscripts. Address: Tudor Street, Whitefriars, E.C. Telegraphic address: 'Lobby,' London."

No newspaper, in my opinion, could possibly accept liability for manuscripts sent unsolicited, but all newspapers which rely to any extent upon the "outside contributor" will consult their own interests best by making every effort to return unaccepted manuscripts as regularly and promptly as possible.

Most newspapers of any standing have about five times as many manuscripts sent them as their space permits them to use. It is almost inevitable, even in the best-regulated houses, that some of these should go astray. Manuscripts arrive in the most perilous condition, inadequately stamped, bursting from wrappers or flimsy envelopes, illegibly addressed, unaccompanied by any means of identifying the owners. If a newspaper were responsible for everything alleged to have been despatched to it, its liability would indeed be serious. But a writer who takes reasonable precautions and encloses a stamped envelope for return, should generally be able to rely on getting his article back, if it should not be accepted. Even he, however, would be well advised to keep a copy if he is sending anything which he considers specially valuable.

The chief cause of the non-return of MSS. is that authors cannot be induced to put their names and addresses *on* their contributions. They accompany them with explanatory letters, which are easily destroyed or divorced from the manuscripts. The result is that most editors have a considerable stock of derelict MSS., bearing neither name nor address, which can neither be returned nor paid for if used. The wise contributor writes no letter with his article, but puts his name and address in a prominent place.

Another cause of delay and loss is undoubtedly the vacillation of editors. While some contributions are manifestly impossible, many others might be used if only space permitted. So the vacillating editor retains these in the hope that space will one day permit, until they are either out of date or hopelessly superseded by other accumulations. This is, perhaps, not a defensible practice in the abstract, but it undoubtedly results in a certain number of manuscripts being published eventually, which would be returned if an immediate decision were required. Writers would do well to say if they desire immediate return, and if a fortnight or three weeks passes without news of their article or its publication in the newspaper, they had better send a return post-card, stating their wishes and asking for an answer. Some very practical writers are in the habit of sending me an addressed post-card with the alternative words "yes" and "no" written on it, with a request that I will strike out one or the other, and re-post it immediately. This is certainly a practice to be commended in the interests of editors and contributors alike. The outside contributor often complains that the editor will not correspond with him about his contribution. But if an editor once begins to do this, or enters into his reasons for refusing or accepting, he will soon find that he has time for nothing else.—Yours truly,

THE EDITOR OF THE *Westminster Gazette.*

The "Westminster Gazette," Tudor Street, Blackfriars, E.C. January 12th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—If the editor of a magazine or a newspaper invite contributions from authors, it seems to me that there is an implied contract between himself and his contributors that he shall, so far as may be reasonable, consider himself bailee of the works submitted to him. In most cases, I think, the words of the editorial invitation limit the extent of that contract. If an editor says that he cannot be responsible for the return of rejected MSS., I do not see

how an author is to hold him liable for any work which an accident has lost. Just as the purchase of a railway ticket binds the passenger on a railway within legal limits, so I think does the editorial announcement concerning casual MSS. bind both editor and author.

There is, I am sure, a disposition on the part of every responsible newspaper or magazine editor in London to deal fairly and justly with the MSS. submitted to him. If he cannot accept them he does his best to return them; but that he should be held legally liable for any scrap or page of twaddle which unthinking persons submit to him, seems to me ridiculous. As well might a householder be held responsible for the packets of soap which an advertising tradesman leaves at his kitchen door as samples. If this exceedingly important matter is to be approached from the narrow alleys of the law, then it behoves editors to fall back upon that protection which the law of contract surely can give them. If we are, as the law stands, compelled to be the victims of the rogues and cheats and suspicious persons generally who seek to prey upon a newspaper, then we must, in turn, ascertain how far we can contract ourselves out of this most unjust liability.

It is absurd to urge that the custom of the literary world dictates the return of all MSS. If it be so, what becomes of the humorous and time-honoured reference to the waste-paper basket? There are daily papers in London which have not for years returned a MS. of minor importance. If we, who run magazines, do make an effort to return everything sent to us, it is because authors in the past have been more or less willing to submit to the unwritten compromise, and to approach the subject, not from a legal point of view, but from the point of view of equity. Not many days ago, a man threatened to sue me for a MS. which I had returned to him with my own hands. I discovered, subsequently, that he was in the habit of making a comfortable living by an employment so simple. Is this the class of man which the law is now about to encourage?—Dear sir, yours faithfully,

MAX PEMBERTON,
Editor of *Cassell's Magazine.*

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Though there is no legal claim for the return of unsolicited MSS., in practice they are invariably sent back if not printed in the magazine.

One of the principal reasons for editors not guaranteeing the return of MSS. arises from the occasionally negligent way in which they are sent in.

It is by no means an infrequent occurrence for MSS. to arrive without the slightest indication of their ownership, and when, in addition to this omission, they are sometimes even without a title, or an incomplete section is sent, much time is often lost in endeavouring to trace the senders.

Sometimes also MSS. arrive without wrappers, and, more often, wrappers without MSS., owing to defective packing; letters to the editor of *one* magazine regarding contributions sent to *another* average about one a week; so where a very large number of MSS. have to be dealt with in the course of a year, a small percentage have been necessarily laid aside until their ownership can be identified.

An entry is made of every MS. on the day it comes to hand, and the name of the sender is also indexed. If the MS. is accompanied by postage stamps it is returned to the sender usually in about a fortnight after its arrival.

Hoping that this information is sufficient for the purpose you desire, I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR OF *Temple Bar.*
Office of "Temple Bar," 8, New Burlington Street, W.
January 12th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—As a matter of fact, though I do not in all cases guarantee the return of MSS. submitted to me unasked, I do as a rule return them to the sender if not published, and I imagine this is the rule and practice of most other editors.—I am, yours faithfully, SIDNEY J. LOW.
The "St. James's Gazette," Whitefriars, E.C.
January 12th, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the question of the right of editors to refuse to return unsolicited MSS., the *Idler* does not *guarantee* to do so, simply as a precautionary measure. Mr. Jerome's point of view is to make every effort to return stamped and addressed MSS., if they are unsuitable. Unstamped MSS. are kept in the office, and contributors notified of the fact. As a matter of fact Mr. Jerome has never had the question raised in connection with any of his publications. The notice in the *Idler* would never be acted upon in the ordinary way.—Yours faithfully, GEO. B. BURGIN, *Sub-Editor.*
Howard House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.
January 20th, 1897.

The Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* writes:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I have nothing to add to the notification printed in every copy of the magazine. It dates from a time long previous to my editorship, and must surely explain itself. Any man can put a letter in the post, but what sane man will guarantee its delivery?—Faithfully yours, THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It is my custom to insert a regular notice to correspondents in the *Woman at Home* that unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned, and that those accepted will be acknowledged within a month. Notwithstanding, I return as far as possible whatever is sent with an addressed envelope and stamps. I am not aware that I have failed to return anything that could possibly be of the smallest use to the writer, but the notice is put in for the following reasons.

(1.) It is impossible to avoid accidental loss, even when the greatest care is exercised. When there is accidental loss, and where no notice guarding the editor's responsibility is put in, I understand there is some doubt as to liability, though the probabilities are that a decision would be in the editor's favour. The causes of loss are various, and many the fault of contributors. The majority of contributors never see the periodical they send their articles to. They often do not know its name correctly. Many articles have been received by us addressed to the Editor of the *Woman*, London, and similar distortions are not uncommon. Frequently the address is the Editor of the *Woman at Home*, London, and in such cases it may or may not be delivered. It is by no means uncommon for covers to arrive with the manuscript slipped out owing to carelessness in putting up the packet. A still more fruitful source of annoyance and misunderstanding is the apparent impossibility of getting contributors to write their names and addresses legibly on their manuscripts. Every day almost one receives information that a certain manuscript is on the way. By the time it arrives the incident is forgotten, and the letter is mislaid. The manuscript has no name written upon it, and in consequence it has to be kept until one hears from the author, which may be many months afterwards. I need hardly say that it is often exceedingly difficult to trace the manuscript after that period of time, and it is a labour which ought to be imposed upon no editor.

(2.) I insert the notice to show that unsolicited contributions are not wanted. They are examined if they come, but the magazine does not depend upon them. As Sir Walter Besant pointed out in the *Author* recently, all popular magazines are now conducted on quite another principle. The editor selects his writers often years before, and in many cases suggests their subjects. Thus editors who depend upon what the post may bring are invariably failures. Generally so much of a monthly magazine is arranged in the year previous to its publication that very little space remains for volunteered contributions. If I had my choice, I would prefer to receive none. The number I have accepted is exceedingly small. The number I have declined is exceedingly great, and there is not one contribution I ever declined that I would accept to-day if it were offered to me. From outside contributions I have derived nothing which did my periodical the smallest good.

(3.) In these circumstances it seems to me the duty of a body like the Society of Authors to instruct their clients carefully, to study in every magazine the conditions under which manuscripts are received. Also to study the charac-

ter of a magazine, so that they may be able to judge whether or not their contributions fall in with its scheme. Articles suitable for the *Nineteenth Century* are not suitable for the *Idler*, and *vice versa*. The counsel given by certain persons to keep firing off manuscripts at editor's heads until at last success is achieved is pernicious to everybody. What manuscripts I get almost every day—manuscripts filthy, tattered, travel-worn! They have vexed almost every office in the United Kingdom, and are still upon their rounds. Surely an editor would be justified in putting these disgraceful rags into the fire.

There is a point which it would be well to have settled by an authoritative decision, as it affects almost every man of letters. If a man sends without permission a manuscript or book to your private address, are you bound to return it to him? In case the manuscript or book is accidentally lost, are you bound to pay what fancy price is put upon it or go before a jury? Is Mr. Gladstone, for example, responsible for the safe custody of any epic anybody may choose to send him when he goes to the Riviera? The questions seem almost too monstrous to be asked, and yet some lawyers hesitate. To send manuscripts to editors is quite legitimate, unless they have forbidden the practice, but to send manuscripts to a man's own house without his permission is surely an inexcusable crime, and ought to be punished in every case by the immediate destruction of the manuscript.

THE EDITOR OF *The Woman at Home.*

LETTERS FROM CHATHAM AND MARTIN SHERLOCK.

[The originals of the following letters are in the magnificent collection of Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, through whose permission we are enabled to reproduce them. Mr. Adam's library contains the finest collection of Johnsoniana in the world, and what must be very nearly quite the most complete collection of Ruskin.—ED. BOOKMAN.]

Lyme Regis July ye 5th 1773.

MY LORD,—The very obliging letter, with which your Lordship honourd me (of ye 12th past), found me, at last, in this place, where I came about a month since, from Burton, in order to try sea-air, after a winter of much gout; and I have receiv'd great benefit in my limbs from it. Your Lordship's kind remembrance of the past is, every way, flattering to me, and the favorable sentiments you entertain of my attachment to Liberty, and Zeal for the honor and prosperity of my country make me not a little vain; and, (may I add?) suggest withall to my reflexions better comfort than vanity cou'd administer, in the close of a dangerous and slippery Fortune. Vixi; et quem currum dederat Fortuna, peregi," and I am at present among the forgotten things of the *great World of the Day;* happyer far than in it. Your Lordship tells me you intend to cross the Atlantic in spring. You will view a World beyond it not yet enervated by Luxury or tainted with Corruption; of Course, ardent and resolute for Liberty. how affecting the spectacle? how dos the honest Daughter shame the profligate Mother? a Stranger to the motives which have determind this distant excursion, I can only assure your Lordship that my best wishes will follow you; and if you meet with as much pleasure and Advantage, where you are going, as those wishes wou'd assign you, your Lordship's portion of all good things will not be scanty. Lord Pitt, who is with me here, is much honourd by your Lordship's kind remembrance, and feels all the extent of your flattering wish for Him, my hopes tell me, he will aspire to deserve it. Lady Chatham desires to present her best compliments.

I am with great esteem
my Lord
Your Lordship's
most obedient and most
humble Servant CHATHAM.

DEAR SIR,—I am sure you will be pleas'd when I inform you, my Lord Bishop of Killala has given me a Living of £200 a year. I think it may be of use to our Sale to let the world know it in the Newspapers; and I am persuaded that doubling the value of the Living will make the books sell better. The world is very apt, God bless it, to value a man's writings according to his rank and fortune. I am sure they will think more highly of my Letters, if they believe I have £400 a year, than if they think I have only two. Pope, you know, says something like this:

A Saint in crape is twice a Saint in Lawn.

Will you then be so good as to have this Paragraph put into the *Morning Herald*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, and any other *fourth* Paper you chuse—

"We hear that the Revd. Martin Sherlock, A.M., Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Bristol, is collated by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Killala to the united vicarages of Castleconnor and Kilglass, worth £400 a year."

You will be so good as to put the expence down to my account.

Is there any news of me in London? Am I abus'd or well spoken of in print? Are the writers as uneasy as they us'd to be about my vanity? Keep all printed things, Reviews, Newspapers, etc., about me, till I have an opportunity of sending for them.

I think I shall have something for you by next year; but keep that a secret. I wish for *your* sake I was a Bishop; for then I'll answer for it my works would sell well.

I do not well know where I shall be till about the beginning of August; so do not write to me till then. Direct to me then, *under cover, To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Killala, at Killala.*

I beg you will assure Mrs. Nichols of my best wishes and compliments, and that you will believe me to be, with great truth and esteem,

Dear sir,
Your most obedient
humble servant
Limerick, June 13, '81. MARTIN SHERLOCK.

MR. GIBSON'S "LAMENNAIS."*

Mr. Gibson has brought to the illustration of a famous and unhappy name not a few of the qualities which make an admirable writer—sympathy, insight, industry, acquaintance with the documents at first hand, a style at once feeling and self-controlled, and the enthusiasm kindled by a certain brave ideal that lights up his whole undertaking. But with something of the vivacity which we expect when a chapter of French events is to be handled, we find also the undesirable French method of casting a book upon the world; there is no index of names or things, no proper table of contents, and no conclusion. The volume begins and ends

* "The Abbé de Lamennais and the Liberal Catholic Movement in France." By the Hon. William Gibson. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.)

abruptly, almost as if it were a novel on the lines of Realism. This I think much to be regretted. English readers in general, though perhaps not ignorant of Lamennais as a sort of nineteenth century Luther—born out of due time and failing to achieve the reform or revolution which he had in view—do certainly know little or nothing of his relation to the Catholic Church, whether as regards her doctrine o her policy. And I suppose that hardly any period in the chequered chronicle of France has been so carelessly studied as the years between the Congress of Vienna and Louis Philippe's flight to England. These are considerations which ought not to be overlooked when we discuss a character so enigmatic in itself, and so much bound up with his own times, as the Abbé de Lamennais. I am not at all suggesting that Mr. Gibson has left them out of sight; nevertheless, I feel sure that his interesting and lively volume would find more favour with the public, were it enhanced by a setting, or framework, in which might be seen the general religious and social movement wherein De Lamennais figures, not perchance as the greatest, but assuredly as the most tragical, of leaders and protagonists.

The "Liberal Catholic" Movement is a strange misnomer, not invented by Mr. Gibson, but which it is now time that historians laid aside. Instead of a term so ambiguous, I would speak of the Catholic Renaissance. For it was surely not any form of Liberalism, as men understand that creed, which culminated in the Vatican Council and the definition of the Pope's infallibility *ex cathedra*. Lamennais set out, as an Ultramontane, from Gregory VII. and the mediæval theocracy. When he let go that tradition, he was lost. Other men, abroad as well as in France, were longing to restore, not indeed the barbarism of manners, but the faith, the policy, the artistic culture, and the unity of Christendom under one spiritual chief, that distinguish and adorn the true Middle Ages. Lamennais, therefore, was but attempting, in his headlong Celtic fashion, to lay the foundations on which in many lands not Catholics alone, but Anglicans, Lutherans, Romanticists, were spending their efforts. I should have asked Mr. Gibson to write us a chapter on the aims and achievements of Chateaubriand, De Maistre, and De Bonald, whom he names, but likewise on those of F. Schlegel, Görres, Möhler, Gioberti, Rosmini, Brownson, and Newman, whom he does not name. Surely this is a remarkable catalogue of men by no means obscure, learned, enterprising, alive to the needs of their time, yet fervent Christians and loyal Catholics, in despite of much misunderstanding, the shadow of which still rests on one or other of them. Now if we could keep steadily before our eyes this general movement, we should be better qualified to judge wherein Lamennais succeeded, and what was the cause of his ruin. For he did succeed—witness the death of Gallicanism; nay, witness also the main outlines of that policy which Leo XIII. has been carrying into execution during these eighteen years. But he failed, also, disastrously for himself and for the Church; still, not entirely by his own evil-doing, so much as by the ineptitude and the slowness of men in high places. Mr. Gibson has brought this out in a clear and often vivid narrative. And he might have thrown still more light upon it, had he surveyed the course of religious thought in Europe at large, instead of confining himself too exclusively to the French Restoration.

He has not, I see, increased our materials for dealing with Lamennais. One point, indeed, hitherto overlooked, becomes prominent in the story—Lamennais' correspondence with that singular genius, Auguste Comte, who, as it would appear, exercised no small influence on the Catholic apologist, while Comte's principles of classification almost dominate the "Esquisse d'une Philosophie," published after Lamennais had broken with his antecedents. I cannot value that sketch so highly as Mr. Gibson is tempted to value it. Of the various cosmic or synthetic undertakings known to me as printed in this century, I think it the feeblest; and its Rationalism, which Mr. Gibson condemns in severe but well-warranted language, is that most exasperating kind of mystical argumentation whereby, given any premisses, we arrive at any conclusion we happen to admire. But on the principles of the "Essai sur l'Indifférence" I should have many things to observe from the Catholic point of view, were this the fitting occasion. Lamennais, no less than Comte, whom Mr. Gibson appears to follow, would have applauded with both hands Mr. Balfour's late assault upon the individual, or isolated, reason. All three, it may be said, are variations on Kant, with the differences which we might anticipate beforehand. But the Catholic tradition, if, as Mr. Gibson holds, it is embodied and historical reason, has also a great respect for the individual mind and its intuitions. We shall not escape from the task of metaphysics by suppressing or denying those intuitions. And it is quite imaginable that if Lamennais had not thrown himself into one extreme in 1820, he would not have fled to its opposite in 1840. His logic, always ruthless, never allowed him to see more than one truth at a time. It is the French weakness. Hence his exaggerations, his impetuosity, his quarrel with patient Rome, his intense suffering, and his severance from the Liberals in 1848. Of that Platonic wisdom which knows how to clothe principles in circumstances, as of that Aristotelian common-sense which sees men as they live and move, and so judges what is possible, he had not a grain. Lamennais was logic personified, an incarnate and impassioned argument. He could, and did, write more than one Apocalypse; but he left to others the carrying out into practice of ideals, which, beheld by him as in the clouds, descended on his own age with the fury of a thunderstorm. He was the first to be struck by that lightning, and he perished; but his ideals have endured. If we so translate his philosophy as to perceive in it the comparative study of religions; the necessity of a Christian organism, selecting and developing all spiritual truths; the social reason bearing up the individual, while allowing free play to his faculties and correcting his otherwise fatal errors; it is not too much to declare that every day is leading us along the path which he traced. And those who cannot forgive the heresiarch will never forget the harbinger of the Catholic Renaissance. He stands alone; it is his glory and his shame.

But his life—what a grim tragedy! With light across the gloom—yes, with tender idyllic scenes in that melancholy landscape; all the Celtic glamour, caught and fixed in a bewitching prose, by Lamennais himself, but still more delightfully by the Southern French lad whom he regarded scarcely or at all, by Maurice de Guérin. We shall always think of La Chênaie as one of the deserted sanctuaries to

which after-generations make their pilgrimage. Lamennais is the Breton Jean Jacques, lonely, perverse, attaching, impressionable, obstinate, fierce, a torment to himself, born with some overmastering influence upon him which would not let him rest. Both these men have suffered judgment at the bar of the world. One knows why it was so; why it could not have been otherwise; but, at last, *quand même*, as the chivalrous French saying runs, who is there with any knowledge of the human heart—of his own heart—but will be sorry for them, and feel with them in that terrible solitude, and enter into their meaning, and be grateful, if he is not wholly blind, for the better things which they have bequeathed to our generation? It is because Mr. Gibson has wrought in this spirit that we read his book with pleasure; and, here passing by domestic controversies, I would welcome it as conceived in the only mood which becomes us, when we recount the high deeds and heroic endurance of those who have left their bones in the wilderness, that we might enter upon the Promised Land.

WILLIAM BARRY.

NEW BOOKS.

STEVENSON'S JUVENILIA.*

It is said that much of the matter of this volume will not be reprinted in any popular edition, and this would be a right decision. Only about half, if so much, concerns the general reader of Stevenson. The rest of the contents are curiosities, or precocities, or fragments, interesting chiefly to the student of the growth of his, or any other writer's mind. The inclusion of each item here is amply justified, of course—with the exception of the Vailima Prayers, which would find a fitting place only in their writer's biography.

The earliest effort, "The Pentland Rising," first published as a pamphlet in Edinburgh in his sixteenth year, is an extraordinarily able and finished production for a young lad, with real literary promise in it, but with no promise at all of the Stevenson we were to know later, save a love for effective quotation, and a fine instinct for using scenery as the background of great actions. It bears the promise rather of future achievements in serious history. The Stevenson we know comes on the scene a few years after. At least some hints of his winning, playful graces appear in the 1870-71 unprinted essays, in "Nuits Blanches," "Immortelles," and "Nurses," and in the college papers of the same dates, reprinted from the *Edinburgh University Magazine*. Self-conscious these are in style, not very original in matter, but with gleams and smiles of the charmer, his own and no other's.

With the early *Portfolio* essays we come to things of permanent literary value, essays of the road, for the most part, pleasant, discursive, and suggestive, adventures of a wanderer's eye and soul. Two are marked off by their perfection of form. By the time Stevenson wrote the papers "On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places" and "Notes on the Movements of Young Children," he had learned his art. The second of these is almost the most delightful thing in the whole collection. Stevenson was living among artists then, and his attention had been turned to form and movement and line. This experiment makes one think how good an art-critic was lost by his discontinuance of this kind of thing. (Strangely enough, he was an indifferent, and not a particularly interesting critic of literature—on paper, I mean—to judge by his article here on Lord Lytton's "Fables in Song" and one or two essays in the later volumes.) His description of the uncertain movements of the "little button between two and three years old" is masterly and sympathetic.

"The spirit of the air seemed to have entered into her, and to possess her like a passion; and you could see her struggling to find expression for the beauty that was in her against the inefficacy of the dull, half-informed body. Though her footing was uneven, and her gestures often ludicrously helpless, still the spectacle was not merely amusing; and though subtle inspirations of movement miscarried in tottering travesty, you could still see that they had been inspirations; you could still see that she had set her heart on realising something just and beautiful . . . It was grace in the making . . . Her whole spirit was intent on what the music said. She must carry out its suggestions, she must do her best to translate its language into that other dialect of the modulated body into which it can be translated most easily and fully."

Nearly all the good things in the collection are autobiographical, or valuable mainly as throwing additional light on the personality of Stevenson. It is so with one of the greatest surprises of the book, "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland," an anonymous pamphlet published in 1875. One feels sure it had no influence at all on the councils of the Kirk, at a moment in her history when there seemed some little chance of her making an advance towards her Dissenters; but it is set to a characteristic tune. The extravagantly generous hope, even confidence, that the clergy will make real substantial pecuniary sacrifices for such of their Free Kirk brethren as may be anxious to return to the fold, reflected his own spirit, not that of his Church, or any section of it. The fragment on "Lay Morals," too, is interesting and valuable for the same reason. Dating from 1879, it is immature, and neither as thinking nor as morals quite first-rate; but there are passages of generous heat in it, and some excellent plain truths, and it is marked by an evident courage to say all he thinks and feels, if by no great temptation to think very originally. Its illustrations are most certainly drawn from his own life and experience, *e.g.*, the story of the rise and fall of his socialistic opinions. The most expressible and the most useful assertion of the fragmentary treatise is the wickedness of unenjoyed luxury. "We, of the easier classes, are in a state of surfeit and disgrace after meat. Plethora has filled us with indifference, and we are covered from head to foot with the callosities of habitual opulence. We squander without enjoyment, because our fathers squandered. We eat of the best, not from delicacy, but from brazen habit." That and the declaration "I hope I would go as far as most to serve a friend; but I declare openly I would not put on my hat to do a pleasure to society," sufficiently show the drift of his discourse.

Among the frankly autobiographical papers, *Rosa quo Locorum* stands pre-eminent. It is a consideration "through what little channels, by what hints and premonitions, the consciousness of the man's art dawns first upon the child." Here Stevenson is on his own familiar, well-loved ground—

"Rummaging," he says, "in the dusty pigeon-holes of memory, I came once upon a graphic version of the famous Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and from the places employed in its illustration, which are all in the immediate neighbourhood of a house then occupied by my father, I am able to date it before the seventh year of my age, although it was probably earlier in fact. The 'pastures green' were represented by a certain suburban stubble-field, where I had once walked with my nurse, under an autumnal sunset, on the banks of the Water of Leith. . . . Here, in the fleecy person of a sheep, I seemed to myself to follow something unseen, unrealised, and yet benignant, and close by the sheep in which I was incarnated—as if for greater security—rustled the skirts of my nurse. 'Death's dark vale' was a certain archway in the Warriston Cemetery; a formidable yet beloved spot, for children love to be afraid—in measure as they love all experience of vitality. Here I beheld myself some paces ahead (seeing myself, I mean, from behind) utterly alone in that uncanny passage; on the one side of me a rude, knobby shepherd's staff, such as cheers the heart of the cockney tourist, on the other a rod like a billiard cue, appeared to accompany my progress; the staff sturdily upright, the billiard cue inclined confidentially, like one whispering towards my ear. I was aware—I will never tell you how—that the presence of these articles afforded me encouragement."

Rosa quo Locorum, for its wonderful additions to Stevenson's great gallery of the art of children's brains, must have an honoured place in the delightful volume which must surely be made from the pickings of this one for the enjoyment of more readers than can be reached by this luxurious and limited Edinburgh edition. A. M.

* "The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson." Miscellanies. Vol. iv. Edinburgh edition. Printed by T. and A. Constable, for Longmans, Green and Co., Cassell and Co., Seeley and Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, and sold by Chatto and Windus.

FRENCH MEMOIRS.*

Tocqueville's political and historical works are becoming somewhat out of date. Rich as they are in generalisations and reflections, just, sober, and often acute, abounding in predictions and warnings which subsequent history has made good, they breathe too strongly the spirit of the times. We have lost faith in the *doctrinaires* who taught that mankind can be saved and managed by theory, if you only give them enough of it. And Tocqueville is a peculiar type, for he is a *doctrinaire* who positively hesitates. He combines the confidence of the theorist with the timidity of the man of action who has acted and failed. Indecision was his bane. In a passage of singular candour and self-penetration (p. 111) he refers to it as "the incessant uncertainty in which I had to live as to the best daily course to adopt. I am inclined to think that my uncertainty of character arises rather from a want of clearness of ideas, than from any weakness of heart"—and that whenever he saw his way, he always followed it straight. Thus we find him in 1848, placed in the fore-front of the revolution, full of patriotism, full of ambition, eager to bear his part; yet all he does is to trot about Paris, look on at the row, and groan for his distracted country. But with his mania for comparing opinions with everybody he managed to collect a good deal of the secret history of that ramshackle parody of a revolution, and he records it with the conscientious accuracy which never fails him. Thus his Souvenirs are in many respects his most valuable and most lasting work. They extend from January to June, 1848, and then, after a gap, is added the period of his ministry, from some day (not given) early in June 1849, to some later period of the year not defined (we fancy, the end of October), for in his usual unpractical way he avoids dates, especially important ones. They were written in 1850 and 1851, ostensibly as private memoranda.

Among the valuable or curious passages they contain, we may point to a few. He stigmatises the feebleness, the chatter and the pottering of the Assembly of 1848, of which he was a member, and, to tell the truth, a specimen, though a respectable one. Moreover, he was too honourable to take part in the "banquets" plot. We find admirable portraits of Thiers, Dufaure, Lamartine (p. 149), Louis Napoleon (285), and some others. The latter, written in 1851, is a strangely sagacious prophecy. The descriptions of the Feast of Concord and other parodies on the First Revolution, show a grim satire not far behind Carlyle's. One touch is delicious. The bourgeois, who had ruled France for eighteen years, had, like our own, developed aristocratic cravings, tried to smuggle out of sight the humble origin of their families, and hinted at noble ancestors. But in their panic at the Socialist revolt of June, all who could, boasted of an ouvrier or peasant grandfather; poor relations, long neglected, were eagerly sought out and paraded; luckiest of all those who could find, conciliate, and fee a disreputable, disowned brother, uncle, or cousin, who had sunk to the pauper-criminal class, which was to be the ruling order. As amusing but more serious is it to read how, in the rising of the Reds on May 15, a Deputy, Dr. Trétat, head of one of the principal Parisian madhouses, and "a revolutionary of the sentimental kind, a dreamer who had plotted for the Republic during the whole existence of the Monarchy," wept to find that every one of the Socialist leaders, Blanqui, Barbés, Sobrier, Huber, and others, had been old patients of his. Tocqueville remarks that in all democratic revolutions insane men, genuine madmen, have probably played leading parts. Indeed, his cardinal principle seems to be—nor does he conceal it—that the French, the French democracy, at best, are political madmen. Thus, for instance, in the Committee for the Constitution, he voted against inserting English and American checks on hasty Revision upon these grounds: "I thought it best to treat the French people like those madmen whom one should be careful not to bind, lest they become infuriated by the restraint." Two passages (beginning 115 and 229) upon the Norman Property League and the attitude of the provinces, rural and urban, to the Red Republic, deserve close study. Events have confirmed many of the views on Foreign Affairs in the final chapter, especially as to German unity. Atrocity mongers are warned to omit the last chapter, for it is so mortifying to be reminded how, in 1849, the "Unspeakable Turk" nobly braved war and annihilation rather than outrage humanity and the Law of Nations under the threats of the *Christian* Powers, who pressed him to betray the Polish and Hungarian Liberals who had taken refuge in Turkey.

Mr. Gladstone has given a handsome testimonial to this edition, captivated perhaps by the nebulous obscurity of the style, which is partly due to the author, but much more to the translator. Tocqueville is not always easy to English; he reads fluently enough, yet here and there, as we noticed years ago, his long, elaborate sentences are so ambiguous that it is only from the context that we can judge which of two meanings is the right one. Again, this is not a case of an Englishman who does not know much French, like the notorious burlesque of About's "Fellah." The Englishman may misrepresent his author, but his translation may read quite fluently and pleasantly, whereas the foreigner who, like M. de Mattos, has not yet mastered the intricacies of our language, neither its vocabulary nor its idioms, may grasp the foreign author's meaning perfectly, but cannot express it in English. The Englishman may seriously mislead us; the foreigner rarely, because an uncouth phrase generally puts us on our guard, and we can guess at the original words which have baffled him and translate them for ourselves—that is if we know the language perfectly. But this obscure jargon is always distressing to read. M. de Mattos has considerable facility in turning his sentences, and sometimes lulls us into complacency for a few pages, when suddenly he breaks out again with a Gallicism more or less obscure or irritating. His pages should have been submitted to rigorous revision by some more experienced hand. We have not compared the French text which would have solved many of the enigmas, but will only point to a few of the errors which we noted down. Page 80, "Systems . . . which *suppress men from* the history of the human race"—(? *eliminate mankind*—or perhaps *human freewill*). 33, to *trust oneself to* these appearances—(the usual schoolboy translation of *se fier à*.). 83, . . . "haughty solitude into which in the end the *intellect almost always settles down of princes* who, etc." 109, "both my *qualities* and my defects." This, too, is a very common schoolboy error; *qualité* and quality do not mean the same thing. 229, "From the petty squire *squatting in his den* in the country to the . . ."—(even if *tanière* be the word, this phrase quite misrepresents the author's attitude. Somewhere in his *Ancien Régime*, we think, he speaks of them as "Cantonnés dans leurs terres." "Squatting in his den" is too sordid and undignified for the context.). 238, "to *rooten* the prejudices." 246, "On the committee was a *minister of the Gospel*, M. Coquerel"—(he was simply a Protestant *pasteur*, and the next line contrasts him with his Catholic colleagues) 253, "The President was not able to protect his agents *in agents*." (This is a perfect atrocity.) 288, Louis Napoleon is called an "adventurer and *prince of fortune*." This means a rich prince, but the French must have meant an adventurer-prince, a dubious, blackleg prince. 352, the feudal "rights of *mutation*" conveys no notion even to a lawyer. These instances are more than enough.

In the Oudinot book, M. de Mattos betrays the same ignorance. Thus (page 307), "Victor, who had been *replaced* in command of the 1st Hussars." It should be *superseded*—just the opposite. Again, "the *little delicacies* to which we were accustomed" (200) refers not to dainties, but clean linen, soap, etc. It should be *little refinements* or *scruples of delicacy*. Oddest of all is the expression "*the Mlles.* de Coucy," where the French can hardly have misled him. The book is a badly made one, but much of its contents are excellent. Not a single line of preface or explanation by the author or translator! We will infer that the latter has not abridged or mutilated the original. What has M. Stiegler done? He seems to have got hold of a MS. autobiography of Oudinot's second wife. Does it, did it ever exist? where? is it genuine? how did he get it? what were the conditions of publication? how long is

* "The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville." Translated by A. T. de Mattos. (Henry and Co.) Price 13s.

"The Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot Duc de Reggio." Compiled from the hitherto unpublished Souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio, by Gaston Stiegler. Translated by A. T. de Mattos. (Henry and Co.) Price 17s.

it? how much is omitted in the numerous breaks he indicates? In the absence of this essential information we should be justified in suspecting a literary forgery, but that the pen which supplied the supplementary stuff could never have forged the Maréchale's charming narrative. M. Stiegler has thought to turn the wife's Souvenirs into the memoirs of the husband, by prefixing fifty pages of his own on the Marshal's previous career, and later on now and then interpolating a page or two, mostly military summaries, and of course a last chapter of peroration. He gives no real life or study of the great soldier, and seems to have used no authority but the Duchess herself, and when she, a girl of sixteen, married Oudinot in 1812, he was already Marshal and Duc de Reggio. The rest is the barest summary from historical and biographical epitomes. Oddly enough, M. Stiegler's contributions are printed in much larger type than those of the Duchess, which constitute nine-tenths or more of the work. However, we owe to the strangely mysterious editor a debt of gratitude for giving us, even in a mutilated form, these delightful Souvenirs. We have devoured them, every word. Not only have they great personal charm and literary merit, but also very considerable historical importance, especially with regard to the court of the Restoration. Here and there we find obscurities, even in the fascinating pictures of provincial family life, which we attribute to the omissions, and with rage we ask again—has much been cut out? If so, we hope soon to see in French and English the Souvenirs of the Duchess of Reggio printed as nearly as possible in full, with a few judicious footnotes, and a good preliminary note on Oudinot. Let not the editor fear that too many domestic details would bore us, for it is in these scenes of domestic life that the Duchess excels. Though utterly free from sarcasm and scandal, the book would be popular. Even the present work is one which is better to read than to write about. Y. Y.

MR. JOHN O'LEARY.*

In Ireland we sometimes celebrate the memories of our national heroes by little suppers, at which we sit round a long table and drink coffee and listen to speeches and patriotic songs. I remember talking a couple of years ago to the man who sat next me at a supper in honour, I think, of Thomas Davis, and his saying, "Our public men, with the exception of Mr. John O'Leary, have been afraid to differ from the people in anything, and now we haven't got a pinsworth of respect for anybody but for Mr. John O'Leary." This man was, if I remember rightly, a clerk in a big shop, and typical of many of the younger generation in Dublin. He had probably given his adhesion in practical things to some leader who had more eloquence, or a firmer hold on the questions of the hour, or who had shown him some immediate thing to be done, but he had only given his adhesion in practical things. As long as he could remember, Mr. John O'Leary had been denouncing this or that political expedient, this or that popular leader, and affirming, because manhood is greater than nations, that there are things which a man should not do, perhaps even to save a nation. Had anyone who had not suffered, like Mr. John O'Leary, years of imprisonment and of exile, said these things, my neighbour would not have listened; but as things were, Mr. John O'Leary represented to his imagination the national conscience. There were plenty of others, he would perhaps have said, who could give you better advice as to whether a thing was expedient or inexpedient, but there was only Mr. John O'Leary to tell you whether it was right or wrong, and to tell it not only in the quiet light of your fire, but, if it were necessary, before a raging mob out in the street. To me it has always seemed that the passion for abstract right, which has made the letters to press, the occasional speeches, and above all the conversation of Mr. John O'Leary so influential with the younger generation, is the Celtic passion for ideas, intensified by that mistrust of the expedient which comes to men who have seen the failure of many hopes; and that as Irish men and women become educated they will inherit a like passion, if not in a like degree. Certainly the young men I meet in "Young Ireland" societies, in Irish literary societies, and in the Irish art schools are more like him than like the loose-lipped, emotional, sympathetic, impressionable Irishman, who is the only Irishman of whom many Englishmen have ever heard. The very inhumanity of Irish journalism and of Irish politics comes from a tendency to judge men not by one another, not by experience of the degree of excellence one may hope to meet in life and in politics, but by some abstract standard.

Mr. John O'Leary's detachment from his own enthusiasms has not come to him with old age, but has given his whole life a curious and solitary distinction. His patriotism was first, he tells us, awakened by the verse of Davis, like the patriotism of so many Irishmen, but he has never so far confused literary with moral qualities as to call Davis a great or even a considerable poet. When very young he organised a band of peasants to attempt the rescue of Magher, but was able to criticise Magher's speech from the dock as calmly as though indifferent to his fate. He entered the Fenian organisation, and worked for it with energy and devotion, with no great hope for any better success than a renovation of the national spirit, and when his time came suffered imprisonment and exile without complaining. He is of that supreme type, almost unknown in our heady generation, the type that lives like the enthusiasts, and yet has no other light but a little cold intellect. And his book has a strange impartiality, which must make it, ill-arranged, rambling even, as it is, of the utmost importance both to Irish and to English historians. It has called up for me, who am more interested in the history of the soul than in the history of things, the picture of an impressive personality, and is a new example of that sense of abstract ideas, of abstract law, which I believe the Celtic peoples have preserved, together with a capacity for abstract emotion, longer than more successful and practical races.

W. B. YEATS.

* "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism." By John O'Leary. (Downey and Co.)

MISS KINGSLEY'S TRAVELS.*

The first and last word about Miss Kingsley's book must be that it is enjoyable. We are not to be blamed if we are led away into forgetting her serious reasons for going to West Africa, to study fish and fetish, and if we keep thinking she went solely to enjoy herself and entertain us. But most fully has she carried out the triple purpose. A jauntier, more light-hearted, more good-humoured, and common-sensible book of travel it would be impossible to meet with; and if literary merit depend a good deal on presenting an unusually vivid impression of scenes and happenings, then it should rate highly on that score, too—though it is written in a reckless, slap-dash, don't-let-us-pause-for-refinements style, which finds the slang of every part of the globe come handy, a style, however, that she has no need to be so apologetic for in the preface, since it is the happy reflection of a vivacious, vigorous, sympathetic personality, a lucky personality for anyone travelling into the wilder parts of the earth. Miss Kingsley liked Africa, and smiles a little bitterly when she is congratulated on being back among the privileges of omnibuses and other marks of civilisation. She is going there again. Now she knows the worst about fevers and mangrove swamps and the annoyances possible from each different kind of native, from snakes, and wild beasts of the forest, and mosquitos, she has acquired an unquenchable taste for them all. Pluck, energy, curiosity, good-natured scepticism, a sense of the joy of opposition, independence of mind, and generosity of feeling—these are the qualities that make the lucky traveller, and Miss Kingsley has them.

In different quarters she has heard the natives and the white traders violently abused. She waxes sentimental over neither; but she is their good friend and stout advocate. The natives can be managed, she holds, if you take the trouble, and if you have an open and understanding mind about their rites and customs, rites and customs with a great amount of sense in them sometimes when they shock the humane and refined visitor from Europe; "fools of the first water for believing so much," she says of

* "Travels in West Africa." By Mary H. Kingsley. Illustrated. 21s. (Macmillan.)

them, in her breezy way, but not greater fools in this respect than most of her own fellow countrymen. As for the traders, she turns round at the charge against them of trickiness and extortion from the poor native, and retaliates with convincing tales of courage, endurance, daring, amid constant hardships and danger; and if they are not heroes of romance after she has reported on them, we are hopelessly insusceptible. Their calling attracted her, she says, not only by its civilising influence, but also by its chaffering adventures, its test of power and will and mental quickness. The customers of a native factory are not shy, being represented by "a mob of noisy, dangerous, thieving savages all over the place all day." "What that trader has got to do is to be a 'Devil man.' They always kindly said they recognised me as one, which is a great compliment. He must betray no weakness, but a character which I should describe as a compound of the best parts of those of Cardinal Richelieu, Brutus, Julius Cæsar, Prince Metternich, and Mezzofante."

Congo Français, Corisco, and Cameroons were included in her tour, but the most important and interesting part concerns the first of these. Her journeys on and about the Ogowé and Rembwé rivers are capital reading, whether you regard the matter from an ethnological, a natural history, or a merely adventure-story-book point of view. Miss Kingsley does not pile up the horrors, and some of her thrilling tales of narrow escapes you only get because she never can omit the joke; as jokes had a way of coming into somewhat grim incidents, you learn indirectly that it was no summer holiday tripper's business she was on. When quinine and a stout heart are all her protection against the vile fever from a mangrove swamp, and she still goes about her business doggedly—well, because she had taken the trouble to come; when a pleasant smile, a few fish-hooks, a pocket handkerchief, and a head of tobacco only, stand between her and the Fans, a hostile tribe of evil reputation; you shudder, though the narrator is laughing. Her friendly guides among this hostile people were even sources of danger, for they had private quarrels with them, and she, not they, had to do most of the pacifying and protection in the end. The Fan is an interesting, intelligent, difficult fellow. He is called treacherous, murderous, everything that is bad. "I never found him treacherous," she says, "but then I never trusted him, remembering one of the aphorisms of my great teacher Captain Boler of Bonny, 'It's not safe to go among bush tribes, but if you are such a fool as to go, you needn't go and be a bigger fool still, you've done enough.'"

The exacter results of her natural history researches are given in the appendix, in a paper by Dr. Günther. Apart from this, the most valuable and most generally interesting sections of the book are the chapters on Fetish. They are notes, it should be said, quite unsystematic, here supporting other scientists, here unorthodox, for the most part cautious; but all excellent material for her own and other students' future generalisation. Perhaps she hardly gives the African credit for enough imagination: even contradicts her own evidence on the point; but it may be merely a difference of opinion as to what imagination consists of. Her stories and instances of belief and speculation seem to tell the other way. One has heard of more beautiful imaginings, as in the examples of the broken intercourse between spirits and men; but they are exceedingly ingenious, and often amusing. "The Tschwis hold that there is a definite earthly existence belonging to each soul of a human kind. Let us say, for example, a soul has a thirty years' bodily existence belonging to it. Well, suppose that soul's body gets killed off at twenty-five, its remaining five years it has to spend, if it is left alone, in knocking about its old haunts, homes, and wives. In this state it is called a Sisa, and is a nuisance." And the sense of beauty is not wanting; witness the tales of the West African Diana—only she is a married lady—Shamantin, who detains the lonely wayfarer in the forest to teach him forest lore and the meaning of all the speech of beast and plant.

But after vainly trying to make really general and inclusive references to the many points of interest in Miss Kingsley's book, we can only say once more how enjoyable it is; and that though most of us will feel we have not the stuff in us to go through the same adventures, yet we are convinced by her of the glamour of Africa. In her own words—"Why did I come to Africa, thought I. Why! who would not come to its twin brother hell itself for all the beauty and the charm of it!"

THE YEAR AFTER THE ARMADA.*

The nine essays comprised in this volume are of unequal historical importance, but all will be found highly interesting both to the expert and the general reader. They afford entertaining and often instructive glimpses along the many bye-ways of history into which Mr. Hume has penetrated in the course of his researches. As in his "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" the treatment is light and popular without any sacrifice of dignity or soundness; indeed, their marked feature is fulness and definiteness of facts. Each paper deserves notice. The first, under the title of "The Counter-Armada of 1589," describes the fitting out and the disastrous and disgraceful fortunes of the expedition to Portugal under Drake, Williams, and Essex. A lurid light is cast on the proceedings of the English marauders—for they were nothing better—"cutting the throats" of all the prisoners being their regular usage. Of poor Don Antonio, the Portuguese Pretender, we read a good deal that is new and curious, of his wanderings from court to court, strong only in his crown jewels, which all the great people coveted and eased him of on more or less false pretences of support. But if the diamond which Elizabeth embezzled was pledged for £8,000, surely it must have weighed more than eight carats. May there not be some confusion here with the famous Sancy diamond, which the prince parted with last of all? Mr. Hume has gathered many details about the expedition from the as yet unpublished diary of a Castilian gentleman in the Gayangos Library. On one point at least I should gravely doubt its accuracy. We know from a bond in the Record Office that Antonio engaged to refund the cost of the expedition. But the Spanish diarist professes to give the terms of a secret compact with Elizabeth, which Mr. Hume seems inclined to accept as true in the main, while rejecting some details such as the enormous indemnity and the equally enormous annual tribute to be paid "for ever." Several other articles look equally incredible, but strangest of all is the agreement that all the Portuguese Sees are to be filled by English Catholics. This Mr. Hume thinks is in accordance with the Queen's wish to conciliate and reward them for their loyalty during the Armada. No doubt Don Antonio was willing to promise anything, but even if Elizabeth seriously hoped to annex Portugal, surely it would have been as rash as superfluous to reduce to writing such exasperating conditions as this and the tribute and the occupation of all the fortresses by English garrisons.

"Julian Romero, Swashbuckler"—Mr. Hume's titles seem a little too popular—is a charming study of a typical soldier of fortune, and is full of historical side-lights, for Julian was fighting pretty continuously up and down Europe from 1534 to 1577, in the English, Scotch, or Spanish services. The next paper will probably please most readers best. From three or four new foreign sources it throws fresh and full light upon the "Coming of Philip the Prudent" to England and the story of that most unfortunate marriage. In several important particulars it corrects the errors into which Froude was led by haste and prejudice. Take, for instance, "the vivid scene of the sea-sick prince gulping down beer on the night of his arrival at Southampton, to please the English spectators at his public repast." It appears that the passage was a calm one, that Philip did not land till next day, that he supped in private, and that afterwards in the presence chamber he told his Spaniards they must conform to the English customs, and "when according to the English fashion a quantity of wine, beer, and ale was brought in silver flagons, he took some beer and drank it." Such are the words of Noailles—the hostile Noailles—who alone mentions the incident. But not Froude alone, but well-nigh every historian has preyed upon the tempting character of Philip the Persecutor, or the Persecuted as he might better be called, considering the way he was harassed and tormented by Elizabeth, the Protestants, and the Jesuits. In very few words Mr. Hume, later in the book, strikes off

* "The Year After the Armada, and other Historical Studies." By Martin A. S. Hume. (Fisher Unwin.)

his character—I cannot forbear quoting them: "As a matter of fact he was a laborious, narrow-minded, morbidly conscientious man, patient, distrustful, and timid; a sincere lover of peace and hater of all sorts of innovations." His conduct while in England seems to have been irreproachable and most conciliatory. According to Pedro Enriquez, the English nobles said "they would not let the King go until they and the Queen thought fit, as this country was quite big enough for any one king." And had Philip been a younger son with no alternative but to anglicize or starve, they might perhaps have done worse. The whole essay is deeply interesting.

The "Evolution of the Spanish Armada" might surely have been placed before the first paper. It is a regular historical essay, for its careful grouping of facts, some apparently new, purposes to support, as it certainly does support, the position that Philip was unwillingly urged on by circumstances, and that "the ostensible prime object of the Armada, the conversion of England to Catholicism, although undoubtedly desired by Philip, was mainly used as a means to his real end—namely, a close political alliance with England, without which Spain was inevitably doomed to the impotence which eventually fell upon her." Less interest attaches to the paper on the Sumptuary Laws in Spain. The enumerations of prohibited finery are too long and repeated, and here and there Mr. Hume, not being a man-milliner, misses the point. But several incidental social facts are valuable, and to most readers perfectly novel.

In a "Palace in the Strand" the fortunes of Durham Place are treated with delightful vivacity. Where once the Bishops Palatine held their court Elizabeth unwillingly harboured a nest of foreign vipers—first the Count of Feria and his English wife, and then that crafty old fox the Bishop of Aquila. When at last these plotters had been cleared out, the Princess of Sweden occupied it, and Essex and Raleigh, and Coventry and Finch, but never more its old masters the bishops, till at last it disappeared. The "Exorcism of Charles II. of Spain" and "A Sprig of the House of Austria"—an atrocious title, by the bye—seem more curious than important. The one is a painful story of superstitious delusion, the other an account of the birth and education, under the directions of the Count-Duke, of a natural son of Charles IV. This State-secret has been discovered by Mr. Hume from a bundle of documents in the British Museum hitherto unexamined. The last paper is also based on a discovery, the "Journal of Richard Bere" from 1692 to 1704. Bere was a disreputable, drunken, scapegrace member of a good Kentish family, and his confidences, disguised under the Spanish language, add a few shades to the picture of a shady period.

Such are the contents of a book which has given us genuine pleasure, which we shall certainly read again before long, and which we can strongly recommend. Y. Y.

THE OTHER MANNING.*

This counterblast to the Purcell Life of Cardinal Manning makes one remember Stevenson's terrible "Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu." Mr. Purcell's point of view, like Dr. Hyde's, may conceivably have been honest according to his lights. Yet in so far as he may have lowered Manning in the eyes of one person whose heart had been lifted up by an ideal of him, in so far has he been guilty of *lèse majesté* against the desire in the spirits of men for something nobler than themselves. M. de Pressensé's Life has nothing of the tremendous invective of the "Open Letter"; it is calm, dignified, judicial. His enthusiasm for his subject is as quiet as it is assured. When he rebukes Mr. Purcell it is a rebuke without heat, though its temper may help to make it more intolerable, if indeed Mr. Purcell be not innured to reprobation. But the real value of M. de Pressensé's work lies not in the controversial portions of it, but in the illumination he throws on his subject. In his luminous introduction especially, his own Apologia to some extent, this insight and knowledge are especially clear. Even to one who knew Cardinal Manning, and to whom Mr. Purcell's revelations meant nothing at all, phrases of M. de Pressensé's seem to make that beloved figure stand out clearly, as though a flash of lightning had lit up the country of the dead. Here are two such phrases on a page:

"It is due to him to show that the entire progress of this inner development, from the day when the young clergyman's attention was called to the temporal function of the Holy Ghost, and to the promises of the presence of Jesus Christ, up to the hour when he believed that he found their perfect fulfilment in the authority of the Church and the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff, was far less a purely intellectual work than a work of the conscience. If it is essential to recognise that the Catholicism and the ultramontanism of Manning were the results of a spiritual development, it is still more so to ascertain that it was the same work of conscience that brought forth the social conceptions of the Cardinal."

A work of the conscience rather than of the intellect—that is what so many conversions are; it is the answer to those who argue as if the intellect were all of the soul there is.

Again:

"I should have strangely falsified Manning's portrait if I had not shown . . . the perfect sincerity of his spiritual *crisis*, the predominance in his thought of the great essential principles, the facts of Christianity, his ardent concern for the unique question of salvation, and his comparative indifference to a mass of secondary problems which to some minds contain the necessary points of departure for the Catholicising development."

This "ardent concern for the unique question of salvation" was what made Manning able to accept the Church without the Church, Anglicans, Nonconformists, Salvationists, in whom he saw clearly the grace of the Holy Ghost and its fruits.

Another flash of insight is in that passage in which M. de Pressensé speaks of Manning's "passion for certainty" which led him to fling himself into a Church which rules with final authority, and later made him one of the most ardent supporters of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

Over and over he exposes Mr. Purcell's inaccuracies in small as in great matters. Of little ignorances no one will accuse *him*. His knowledge of his subject, and of the daily life amid which Manning's soul passed through many vicissitudes, is amazing. The Anglican life, the persons, scenes, and events of the Oxford movement, Manning's life at Rome and afterwards in London, are depicted with an accuracy none can call in doubt. What a picture of the English Catholics with whom was the great struggle of Manning's life!

"It (*i.e.*, English Catholicism) had endured not only those sufferings that bring with them compensation to lofty souls. Through its civil and political disabilities it had experienced the most cruel part of persecution, that contraction of mind and heart eventually produced in its victims. A Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or the terror of a Revolution, plucks the flower of a nation, throws it outside, or coops it up inside in a sort of home-exile. . . Its priests were the chaplains of some noble families. The laity were, like the French Legitimists, in the position of emigrants in their own land. There was no middle class. The poorer people were mainly Irish emigrants. In London the aristocracy attended the chapels of the Catholic Embassies and Legations; the poor districts had only humble mission-halls. At Liverpool there were four chapels and fourteen priests for more than 100,000 faithful."

M. de Pressensé describes the incursion into this peaceful sheepfold of O'Connell and his barbarians, and of the Oxford converts, quite unwelcome to the little flock which, devoted to a lost cause, had gained a half-contemptuous tolerance. The new Catholicism was no longer negligeable.

It is a strange book to proceed from the Protestant son of one of the most distinguished of French pastors. Eloquent and touching as M. de Pressensé's explanation of his motives is, yet the question will be irresistibly borne in on the reader, what then is he still doing in the Protestant *galère?* K. T.

* "Cardinal Manning." By Francis de Pressensé. (London: Heinemann.)

THE LAUREATE'S NEW VOLUME.*

Browning might have been drawn to the subject of the most important piece in this collection. Winckelmann, with

* "The Conversion of Winckelmann, and other Poems." By Alfred Austin. 6s. (Macmillan.)

his eye and soul starved, in the cold, ugly, Lutheran North,

"paid
A scullion's wage for cataloguing books
Not worth the binding; fantasies of saints
Or genealogies of fools from fools,"

yet with only a form of words between him and "Italy and light"; then Winckelmann, the form of words uttered, at the Villa Albani, honoured, consulted by free-thinking Cardinals of excellent taste, high priest in a temple of Pagan art, with dreams of a further heaven in Athens; and yet visited by doubts whether soul is after all best fed by beauty or plain honesty: it is a subject Browning could have wrestled out finely, holding a brief in turn for art and for integrity. But Browning left it alone; and Mr. Austin, though he talks learnedly, and, perhaps even lovingly, of intaglios and gems and torsos and "chaste marble in cool corridors," and all the other joys and temptations of the famous lover of beauty, has omitted the man, or given him only as speaking to the gallery. The trail of the moraliser, not the moralist, is over it all, and we are reminded, not of Browning, but another in such obvious lines as

"the insidious South
That undermines the conscience, where one learns
Art for Art's sake, and finds scant room for Virtue."

The scheme and the details of the poem are modelled on Browning; but the tone is the tone of "Robert Elsmere."

Yet "The Conversion of Winckelmann" is a presentable narrative in verse; and it might have been worthily followed by "A Florilegium" and by "Sorrow's Importunity," the latter a charming lyric, blessed by the rare absence of its author's singularly unhappy preference for sermons over hints. The theme is the several visits of Sorrow in the several seasons of life. Give her an inch and she takes an ell. She has no chance with unheeding youth, but her reception is each time better, till

"When last came Sorrow, around barn and byre,
Wind-carven snow, the year's white sepulchre, lay.
'Come in,' I said, 'and warm you by the fire,'
And there she sits, and never goes away."

For the rest—what evil genius provoked their production? No official press and drag can explain them. The address "To Ireland," where he speaks to that sorrowful country "like a father," might rouse the ire of the most docile law and order men; and yet it towers high above the level of the other patriotic verses. Citizens of a great country have some right to resent such doggerel homage as "In Praise of England."

"If you would put it to the proof,
Then round the zodiac roam;
But never will you find the roof
To match an English home.
You hear the sound of children's feet
Still pattering on the stair;
'Tis made by loving labour sweet,
And sanctified by prayer."

Why should a "roof" be expected to match a "home"? Is there any allusion so particularly national here that the word German, or Russian, or Turkish, or Chinese might not be substituted for English in line 4? And are children in less blessed lands prisoned in topmost towers or underground cellars, since there they may not "patter on the stair"? Certain other fulsome verses, in praise of high personages in this realm—"Who would not Die for England," "How Florence rings her Bells," "A Portrait," are so desperate in their invention and application as to be, in my opinion, clearly disloyal.

Perhaps if a great many tongues, though those only of little critics, were to tell another poet that national matters are too high and serious for doggerel and insincerity, the other poet might listen and turn to more congenial themes. But there is little chance of our conceit being so flattered in Mr. Austin's case. More and more he grows in a sense of the dignity of his mission. He has taken to argue volubly in rhyme as to the particular value of his verse in the chorus of nature, and art, and the grave and final reasons for the occasional silence of his muse. He addresses the throstle on the former matter. The throstle might be held by the unthinking to be his rival; but with gentle conclusiveness he proceeds to put that bird in its place.

"So, throstle, be the very voice of Spring
And bring back rapture to the wrinkled bole!
Of all life's chords joy is the leading string,
And happiness is much, but not the whole.
Leave it, then, to me to sing
To the soul!"

Not much chance of ruffling such serenity! The second remonstrance is addressed to a "kindly friend," who had nudged him to go on rhyming, forgetful of the mystery of inspiration. Nay, says the poet,

"till the music stirs and swells
Within my breast, forbearing be;
Nor lightly waken slumbering bells
Above a silent sanctuary!"

Let us try to be "forbearing." A. M.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND MODERN LIFE.*

We have delayed too long to notice this new volume with which Mr. Stopford Brooke has delighted his wide congregation "outside Church." Bedford Chapel has disappeared, but its minister will never lack readers so long as he chooses to print his sermons. When we compare this book with its earlier predecessors, "Christ in Modern Life," for example, we feel at once how the preacher's style has grown simpler and more sinewy. His literary art appears in vigour and masculine directness, rather than in elaborate construction and subtle charm of phrase. Mr. Brooke has here set himself to rescue some moral and religious lessons from the wreck to which he feels that Criticism has reduced the Old Testament. His preface discusses the question how far spiritual teaching can be drawn from narratives which consist largely of myth or of legend, or of both combined. He evidently sees that the Niebelungen Lied or the Arthurian Epic would lend itself equally to this style of pulpit treatment. The saving fact that the Old Testament stories "received a high religious direction from their final editor" only brings them into line with the "Idylls of the King." For we are confident that Mr. Brooke will not attribute to the Redactor of J. and E. a higher spiritual genius than Lord Tennyson's. Indeed, it is hard to see why, on this hypothesis, we may not take texts out of fairy tales; for they, too, were "built up by the human mind in the course of centuries, during which time that which is particular is, on the whole, sifted out, and that which is universally human remains"; and so they, too, "can be made into symbols of human life, into images of the soul" (p. 36, note). That Mr. Brooke can draw some beautiful and telling lessons from episodes in the records of Abraham, and Samuel, and David, and Elijah needs no proof to anyone who knows his gifts as a preacher and writer. We should like to have had his version of the sacrifice of Isaac. Perhaps he is at his best in the sermon on "Freedom from Egypt," where the Divine command, "Let My people go that they may serve Me" is incisively applied to the monopolists and millionaires, the traditionalists and creed-mongers, in the Church and State of to-day. But we cannot feel that the volume as a whole, interesting and suggestive as it is, does anything to solve the problem which it proposes. The truth is, there is no solution. You can never base effective religious teaching upon religious history which, in your next breath, you explain you are not taking as historically true. T. H. DARLOW.

THE POEMS OF LOUISA SHORE.†

Even many persons well informed on the literature of to-day and yesterday have certainly never before the publication of this volume heard the name of Louisa Shore. An invalid, she lived apart from the world, though taking at various periods of her life a profound interest in its public movements, feeling strongly, and speaking out with vigour her generous views and sympathies. Her body of poetical work is not large, and a good deal of it is fragmentary. It is not easy to gather, either from her sister's memoir or

* "The Old Testament and Modern Life." By Stopford A. Brooke. 6s. (Isbister.)

† "Poems by Louisa Shore." With a Memoir by her sister, Arabella Shore, and an Appreciation by Frederic Harrison. (Lane.)

from Mr. Harrison's appreciation, whether she gave out to the extent of her possibilities, or whether, with some outside stimulus from literary society, she might have been more prolific.

A woman of great cultivation and scholarly tastes, her dramatic poems seem rather the outcome of her intelligent interests and her scholarship than of any spontaneous impulse towards the drama. But we join with Mr. Harrison at least in his admiration of certain scenes in the unfinished "Olga." Her individuality, however, her real gift of expressing one important trend of the moral thought of her time—George Eliot is its other poet—are to be seen best in the lyrical and elegiac pieces. For all her melancholy, she held a reasonable quiet hope that better things are to come; that humanity is so bound together that we should find healing for our own distress in the thought of the children who shall inherit a fairer chance from our striving; and that we should keep a lively sense of what we ourselves have inherited from past workers; a fond belief, too, that pity for the unknown soldiers who fell in the fight is not all useless, though they are past our aid—the poetical side of positivism, in fact. These are the things she could best give utterance to, and she has done so in two poems that will live in many hearts, and we should hope in some anthologies. "A Requiem" is the consolation to souls "gifted in vain,"

> "That happier selves shall gather flowers
> From hopes *we* sowed in ground that seemed
> So barren! fairy tales *we* dreamed,
> Be true of other lives than ours."

The "Requiem" is the best known of all Miss Shore's writings, if we may use the word "best known" of any. But we think she reached her high-water-mark of vigour, and of the expression of her tenderness to humanity, in the first of the elegies, with its fine ending—

> "Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!
> Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
> Forget not the forgotten! keep a strain
> Of divine sorrow in sweet undertone
> For all the dead who lived and died in vain!
> Imperial Future, when in countless train
> The generations lead thee to thy throne,
> Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown!"

JEWISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

"The Jewish Library," edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, makes an auspicious beginning with this volume. It is full of important and recondite information presented in an interesting form. It will take its place at once as the authority on the various aspects of Jewish life in the middle ages, the occupations and amusements, the dress and ignominious badge, the ghetto and home life, marriage, monogamy, and intermarriage with Christians, education, schools, and the synagogue. Mr. Abrahams has spared no pains to get at the truth, and the number of authorities he cites is very large. The book is written in an admirable spirit and in an interesting style.

Mr. Abrahams is careful to explain that the term "middle ages" has little or no relevancy as applied to the inner life of the Jews. "If mediævalism implies moral servitude to a Church and material servitude to a polity—a polity known in one form as imperialism and in another as feudalism—the Jews had no opportunity for the latter and no inclination for the former." Moral servitude to Judaism characterizes the Jews, not of the middle ages, but of the sixteenth century; and the Jewish Renaissance falls not in the end of the fifteenth, but rather towards the close of the eighteenth century. At the same time, the Jews certainly did influence the life of mediæval Europe and were influenced by it. They were the great intermediaries in science, commerce, and philosophy between the East and the West; and it is much to be desired that Mr. Abrahams, or some equally well-qualified enquirer, would trace the history of this mediation. The present volume gives a detailed view not of the influence of the Jews on Europe, but of the Jewish life as developed under the various influences which prevailed in the middle centuries. Mr. Abrahams naturally and justly resents the indignities to which the Jews were subjected, and especially the cramping effect of life in the ghetto. "The Jewish nature does not produce its rarest fruits in a Jewish environment.... It was ancient Alexandria that produced Philo, mediæval Spain Maimonides, modern Amsterdam Spinoza. The ghetto had its freaks, but the men just named were not born in ghettos." Considering the oppression they suffered age after age, it is remarkable that the Jews should have such a life to show as is described in this volume—a life that maintained domestic purity and happiness and a certain dignity of personal conduct which was on many occasions exemplary to those who had striven to make the Jew a contemptible and degraded creature. MARCUS DODS.

* "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages." By Israel Abrahams, M.A. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

NOVEL NOTES.

PALLADIA. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Macmillan.)

We have only one complaint against this charming story. The use of dynamite is extravagant. The finances of no secret society could stand such an expenditure of it against mere minor potentates. The Grand Duke of Carinthia got explosions enough for three Czars. The events depending on these shocks might have been easily omitted. Otherwise we are full of admiration for a story which takes us, without too much violating our sense of probability, into romantic castles, gipsy tents, ducal palaces, Italian villas, anarchist cellars, English country houses and vicarages, and Eastern courts. We lament the tragedy of Carolus with real sincerity, we even resent it. He was a charming boy, and though Palladia, from the circumstances of her marriage, was not likely to be his devoted wife, we wish she had found time to be a little good-natured to him. The Englishman who wins her after her Grand Duke's death, is a fine fellow, a credit to his country, and all that; but young Carolus, with his many faults, won our affections before Denzil came on the scene, and we wish Mrs. Fraser had not aimed so directly at tragedy. But the contrast of scenes, the sensational incidents, the ceaseless villany in high places and low, never take away from the reality of the whole. The writer has a firm grasp of character, and Palladia, half German, half Tsigane, Carolus the Carinthian, Aggie Sanderson the English maiden, and Shah Jehan, from Bhelât, are admirably drawn. From a writer so vivacious we may surely expect much future entertainment.

THE BABE B.A. Being the Uneventful History of a Young Gentleman at Cambridge University. By E. F. Benson. Illustrated. (Putnams.)

The Babe's complaint was that no matter what crime he committed he was never taken seriously. His grievance is over. It is really to be taken seriously to have a whole volume devoted to the chronicle of your entire unimportance, your good-natured and quite gentlemanly silliness, especially when photographs of real scenes, in a real academic town, are bound up with it. We like the Babe. He would have met with a friendly smile every time we came across him in a larger and more mixed company, but when he is all about the place and never off our hands, and too inoffensive to be various, we hear ourselves calling for the nursemaid. It is just a little hard on undergraduates that their private jokes, which serve for home consumption admirably, should be exposed to our rude glare. Inter-academically the book should circulate fast.

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE, as Told by Huck Finn, and other Tales. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

We have liked Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn better in other circumstances. But, of course, news of Sherlock Holmes was sure in time to reach them, and then nothing could stem the tide of Tom's ambition. We think he must have been playing at the detective game before the diamond-stealer came in his way, though, if this were so, Huck was not in the secret. It was a nice little tangle of crime and misunderstanding that was set him for a task—lawyers and judges at their wits' ends about it, till the great Tom rises as detective, counsel, judge, jury and all, to make it plain, and win a great reward and the blessings of a whole community. Huck had much better have

gone on a little longer with the chronicle of his hero, which would have ousted much feebler things from the volume. In "Adam's Diary" Mark Twain is at his feeblest and vulgarest; he fell no lower in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." This dull foolishness is followed, strangely, by considerations on "How to Tell a Story." The humorous story we learn—but perhaps he is joking with difficulty—"was created in America, and has remained at home," and only "an artist can tell it." Anybody can tell a comic or a witty story, he says. What, then, is "Adam's Diary"? It is not comic, else it would be, according to the author, English, which, thank Heaven, it is not. It is certainly not witty. Is it humorous? Then why did it not "remain at home"?

THE BLACK MASS. By Frederic Breton. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is material here for the most thrilling of novels. In a dark German forest pass the earlier scenes; a German baron is the villain, a beautiful, innocent child of nature—a kind of Undine without the mischief—is the heroine. On her arm has been stamped an evil mark, and the Baron plans to dedicate her to the powers of darkness. But a deliverer comes—an Englishman, of course—who flies with her, out of the German forest, to the Philistine comfort and common sense of an English vicarage. That is not the end. We are hurried back to the Forest whither Elsa has been decoyed by the Baron; and there is a limelight scene at the end, beginning with the Black Mass—tame, if you have read Huysman—when the captive Elsa is forced to appear as a novice, and ending with a wild fight between the villain and the English hero, and the death of two persons, neither of which is the Britisher, who lives to marry an admirable English wife and drown his memories of black art and witch maidens and all other uncomfortable foreign things. We have been interested in watching how Mr. Breton piled up the stagy material, and how he used it, but at no moment have we shuddered or given other evidence of belief.

AN UNCROWNED KING. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Grant first that, for all the nineteenth century setting, "An Uncrowned King" is laid in Storyland; allow a certain number of improbabilities, and afterwards you may give yourself up to unanxious enjoyment. Why Lord Carleon, of the English House of Peers, a gentlemanly, philanthropic, agreeable, and commonplace person, should be looked to to fill the throne of Thracia, one of the Balkan States, it is quite impossible to find out. We may as well give it up. But king he became, though the coronation ceremony never took place; and his brother Cyril, of the diplomatic service, a much more lively and interesting fellow, though not so philanthropic, became his private secretary. The reign of Carlino, which was the English peer's regal name, was marked by a bold measure of temperance legislation and a revolution which knocked him off his throne, in spite of Cyril's endeavour to intrigue as craftily as the best of the Thracian and Scythian intriguers. The revolution was not quite successful, but the ex-king being supposed to be murdered, a German prince was elected who had the favour of Russia—we mean Scythia. Cyril returned as secretary to the prime minister and king-maker, Drakovics; and Carleon is now improving his Welsh estate, and let us fondly hope, his wife's temper. Nadia O'Malachy is a terrible young person. Her parents, an Irish father and a Polish mother, were thorough scoundrels, spies in the pay of the Scythian government. Nadia's virtue, by reaction, is appalling. It has been cultivated in Russian evangelical circles, under her godmother and the teachings of Count Tolstoy, and is an aggressively hardy plant. Carleon fell in love, with her perfectly unique rudeness, we suppose, and his life on the throne was miserable when she refused to share it. Because he would not provoke a European war to regain his throne and enact further temperance laws, she behaved like a furious little shrew; but she was somewhat tamed at last, and promised, in her exaggerated way, to obey Carleon in everything, to become a doormat for him, and even to tolerate his jokes if he would always explain them. Nadia is a very living person. Thirsting for martyrdom, fanatically conscientious, without humour, or charm, or tact, a devoted and an irritating sick nurse, she is cut out for the philanthropic career. Many thousands will rise to call her blessed, and to some units she will be an unmitigated nuisance. Mr. Grier knows her well, and makes her play her part admirably in this adventurous story, which we have read with real enjoyment. In "An Uncrowned King" there are fewer *longueurs* than in this clever writer's former work.

THE LOWER LIFE. By Francis Gribble. 6s. (Innes)

The evil of City gambling is Mr. Gribble's theme. His purpose is frankly stated and vehemently insisted on in a novel which recommends itself by its whole-hearted convictions. This continual watching of the chances of gain is the "Lower Life," and not only because it leads to mean robbery, to colossal frauds. Romance dies in its neighbourhood. The love of nature, of art, of intellectual things can have no chance in a heart it has gained entrance to. Mr. Gribble's attack from this side is clever and well based. He personifies this point of view in Helen Brabant, a romantic soul, who is driven by her husband's absorption in gambling almost into the arms of a lover free from the taint of speculation. The more purely moral side of the objection is represented by Ida, a very unpleasantly instructive person, but of use in the story. One man, by nature a poet, is rescued by her from the "Lower Life." The fate of the other is doubtful, as we leave him on a sick-bed, where his wife is nursing him instead of fleeing to the romantic lover. Mr. Gribble tells in a straightforward, forcible way what he means to tell.

BELIAL'S BURDENS, or Down with the McWhings. By J. F. Sullivan. Illustrated by the Author. (Dent.)

The title and this extract may serve for a broad hint as to what Mr. Sullivan is after. "With a perfect and admirable yet unstudied courtesy, but seldom seen in this world, even among those of the noblest birth, she welcomed us; and Elzie, knocking his forehead three times on the ground, kissed the toe of her delicate, rose-coloured shoe. 'Ah, you expected to see a repulsive old grump, Mr. Hurricane,' she said, divining my name with the infallible instinct of genius, and laughing in her sweet, silvery way. 'You see I am anything but repulsive or old. Indeed, I am very beautiful and extremely young—hardly seventeen, in fact. I have just been playing to the gallery—it is a favourite occupation of mine.'" His skit is clever, and his original, hedged in by the acclamations, and supported by the substantial patronage of her tens of thousands, is fair game to the few and quite unimportant persons with a sense of humour and a fastidious taste in the sublime.

THE BORDERER. By Adam Lilburn. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The background of the Cheviots so vividly described, the grey hill-sides, the quiet Border farms, cool dairies, lively markets, lonely shepherds' huts, used so effectively by one to whom they must be old, familiar things, seize on the reader's imagination and keep his sympathies. The drama that takes place among these scenes is touching, but we feel there is more reality in the vision he presents to us of the countryside than in its human dwellers. One follows pityingly the struggles of Paul's conscience, the bitter struggles of an austere, religious, self-righteous man, with much humanity in him, nevertheless, and subject to a strong temptation; and one hopes cordially that his penance will have a happy ending. Will, the self-indulgent charmer, is, however, better drawn, his rapid deterioration convincing us at every step. But we feel a sense of rigidity in all the characters. Mr. Lilburn cannot make one of them talk naturally. Only as a picture of the countryside and its old customs can we give it hearty praise.

WHERE THAMES IS WIDE. By Charles James. (Chapman and Hall.)

It may be safely affirmed that the writer of this story is an admirer of that kind of pleasantry we generally associate with the name of Dickens, for he is constantly making onslaughts on our seriousness in the manner of the author of "Pickwick." An empty ball-room Mr. James prefers to call "a barren Terpsichorean Mecca," and he compares the playing of a band to shrieks heard in "the running of a savage through the body at a single thrust with a jagged

sword, and then drawing it out again steaming." If Mr. James has ever seen such an operation we do not envy him his experience. An officer in this tale who is addicted to Ben Jonson's oath, "By the foot of Pharaoh," is always referred to as swearing "By the pedal extremity of the Egyptian king." It is also worth remark that the writer does not seem to know the meaning of the word "fortuitously"—he uses it frequently in the sense of "happily." We presume he is thinking of "fortunately"; though the mistake is an extraordinary one. Apart from all these serious blemishes, the book, which deals with the adventures and melodramatic end of a rascally smuggler named "Guff," and his adopted daughter "Olly," is not unpleasing, and will have some measure of interest for the not too critical reader. The plot is not original in conception or treatment, but the heroine is a well and not over-drawn picture of a very charming girl. It may be worth while explaining that the curious name "Olly" was chosen by the smuggler, and is an abbreviation of "Hollands."

LYING PROPHETS. By Eden Philpotts. 6s. (Innes.)

In one respect this story amply sustains the reputation of its clever writer. The descriptions of Cornish scenery are exceedingly good, and such as like the kind of thing will like them very much. It offers greater popular attractions; but these hardly bear serious examination. The hero is a painter, which is fashionable; and the main scenes are laid in Newlyn, which gives an opportunity of presenting an effective contrast between the fishing population and the artist colony. But Mr. Philpotts, however much he may have studied the scenes, has remained an outsider. His painter, who, he says, is a man of extraordinary and original genius, talks of art in paraphrases of Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." This is not merely a failure to be up to date. The most extraordinary genius that ever lived could not be a great painter if he carried out the theories uttered here. He is also, we are given to believe, a bold man, defying the public, or bending it to his will; yet he plays to the gallery like the veriest academician, and calls his great picture "Joe's Ship." His contradictions do not end there. Tales are told of his callous, heartless deeds, done for the sake of art; yet his conversation would often do no discredit to a model Sunday-school teacher. If these be not contradictions, we can only say they are discrepancies which Mr. Philpotts has not reconciled. But the weakness of the book lies in its unfortunate imitation of "Tess." "Tess" is a great book; but at his peril let anyone imitate it. Even Mr. Hardy had to use all his genius to convince us of Tess's conscious, articulate Paganism, not her native Paganism, which is the lower stratum in nearly every son and daughter of the soil, but which they deny as a rule when it comes to the surface. Mr. Philpotts' Pagan heroine is a make-up, only tolerable because she is the mouthpiece of many pretty legends and picturesque scraps of Cornish folk-lore. Then the catastrophe at the end is not in the least inevitable. The storm in which the girl and her unborn child were destroyed is a desperate invention for ending the story. The only incident where Mr. Hardy is imitated with fair success—and it is Mr. Hardy's melodrama, not his greater merits—is where Joe, the sailor-lover, comes to stick a knife into the painter, and being admitted to the studio by the servant, who takes him for the undertaker, finds—— But there, we should not tell everything. There is one really spontaneous and excellently sincere thing in the book, and that is Mr. Philpotts' love of the earth and sky and sea.

ANTHONY JASPER. A West Country Tale. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

A Cornish tale of the old smuggling days, the heroes two fine rivals in valour and love, a king's man and a contrabandist chief, the heroine a fair lady of spirited behaviour, sworn heart and soul to the contrabandist, is bound to rouse sympathy. "Anthony Jasper" never travels an inch out of the safest boundaries of popular romance, and within these limits it is a pleasant story. Its worse fault is that its progress, climax, and happy ending are all obvious from the beginning. There was bound to be a serious encounter between the dragoons and the smugglers, in which the officer should be nearly killed. Jasper was bound to run for his life, and his victim was bound to recover, finally to forgive, and to be quite amiable in the end over the marriage of his rival to his old love Catherine. But though there are no surprises in the story, the narrative grows in spirit and liveliness, and it would be better still if "Ben Bolt" had made no attempt at all towards an old-fashioned diction.

TURNPIKE TALES. By C. L. Marson. 3s. 6d. (E. Mathews.)

We wish we could foresee a success for this collection of stories such as it deserves. They are sympathetic, quietly humorous, full of knowledge of modern life, altogether wanting in cheapness and cynicism, and their workmanship is unusually good. Mr. Marson excels in the fine delineation of a character because it is lovable, or because it has something in it which marks it off deliberately from its fellows, or raises it above its circumstances and even above its own capabilities of complete fulfilment. But just at present such excellence has little chance of more than a *succès d'estime*, unless it be accompanied by a power of weaving a stirring or a sensational narrative. To such, however, as are on the outlook for good work, Mr. Marson's quiet power and his interest in his fellow-men—in the virtues rather than the vices of these—must appeal strongly. And to "Miss Pattie's Rheumatism" Miss Mary Wilkins's audience should rally.

BLIND BATS. By Margaret B. Cross. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Fiction on a comfortable level of ordinary everyday life, that is yet amusing and in no ways vulgar, is not too common just now. Miss Cross knows how to prepare it. With her half-a-dozen ordinary grown-up people and a spoilt child, we feel ourselves in excellent and very entertaining company. Of course we know from the beginning that the irate aunt and the stubborn male guardian will be the very best of friends in the end; so the complications of the plot have nothing to do with our interest. But it is worth while to watch how long two proud people, quite evidently made for each other, will keep apart, and how soon the staid Tom will find out that a youthful prig is not so good a mate for him as the woman past her first youth, and decidedly frivolous, but so unmistakeably a gentleman. We feel grateful to Miss Cross for a very pleasant story.

LADY LEVALLION. By George Widdrington. 6s. (Henry).

Lady Levallion was cursed with a distressing temper. Quite early in the book she kicks a little dog and breaks its leg, crushes her daughter's wedding finery into a useless condition, demands water to drink in huge quantities, and believes it is solid and quite unslaking to her feverish throat. Later, she engages in a mad physical struggle with the man she adores, and cuts jagged wounds in his forehead; so that the last scene, where her daughter and herself both fall stabbed by her knife, is as mild as one could expect. Beyond her mad temper there is nothing distinctive about her, or about the story through which runs an altogether uncharming romance. Now and again a bright sentence made us think the writer was made for better things than hysterical melodrama. He has some wit—though not in his obvious jokes, as when he makes the *parvenu's* daughter muddle the names of Giorgione and Georges Ohnet; and we are ready to make the thankless admission that "Lady Levallion" shows talents sadly wasted.

MISTRESS SPITFIRE. By J. S. Fletcher. (Dent.)

Here is a pretty new version of an old theme, the different faiths of Cavalier and Roundhead, complicated by the intrusion of love, jealousy, and revenge. The heroine is made after a pattern much in vogue for the moment—lively, obstinate, rather shrewish, yet with a faithful heart. The description of the siege at East Hardwick is a vigorous bit of writing, and the hero's desertion of his military duties in the cause of kinship and love has an excellent apology. Such stories are thick as blackberries just now, but this is a very pleasant specimen.

THE CAREER OF CANDIDA. By George Paston. (Chapman.)

Candida's muscles were admirably trained, and she was a gymnastic instructor in Bloomsbury when she might have been an idle young woman in a country manor house. But

her athletic training left her lacking in judgment of character, and she married a young man with very vulgar vices. When they shocked even her tolerant soul a little too much, she left him, and wisely became once more a gymnastic instructor. But years after, meeting a worn-out man in a bath-chair, she recognises her husband, and begs to be allowed to devote herself to the paralytic for evermore. He obligingly consents. And that is the career of Candida. She provides matter enough for a fairly readable story, though in her early days she tempted us often to skip her preachings and her little defiances, which, as a healthy being in an unwholesomely conventional company, she was bound to indulge in, but which are not so novel that we should not have been willing to take them for granted.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MAORI TALES AND LEGENDS. Collected and Retold by K. M. Clark. With Illustrations by R. Atkinson. 6s. (Nutt.)

"I have endeavoured to adhere to the true spirit of the tales, and to give them the form, expression, and speech characteristic of the country and clever native race." We are quite ready to believe this, because in the course of our reading of them we have come across nothing which seemed like an interpolation of peculiarly European sentiment. But, as a matter of fact, that the tales should be rigid and scientifically gathered specimens of Maori folk-lore we don't care. Let exact folk-lorists test them. The first and last request that real lovers of romantic legend make, is that such tales should be excellent stories. These have given us no ordinary delight. Among all the alien fairy-stories presented to us of late, only Mr. Nisbet Bain's Turkish collection, issued by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, and noticed in our December number, have equal freshness and as many surprises. But in beauty the Maori ones carry off the palm. A strong, rich poetry breathes through them, a wealth of invention; their love passion burns with a clear fervour, yet without violence. Exotic as they are, they will strike home to all lovers of poetry, and even the scientifically inclined will find many links between them and the legends of Europe. The pounded fern-root, efficacious in spiritual quests, and the warning to mortals to touch not the food of the spirit-world if they ever desire to return to the world of light again, both to be met with in the first tale, are two familiar instances. "Paré and Hutu" is an exquisite and a happier version of Orpheus and Eurydice. Hero and Leander come to our minds in the pretty tale of Hinemoa, but the part of Leander is taken by the girl, the beautiful Maori maiden, who when separated from her lover swam across the lake of Rotorua and was joined to him in a happy ever after. The whole history of a poet, homesick for better things in an ugly world, is told in "The Boy in the Moon." The stories woven about the day and night, the sky and sea, the heavenly bodies, are vivid, endlessly fanciful, never merely grotesque. The making of the Pleiades, Matariki or the Little Eyes, is told as in a bright flash, and the story of Tauhaki, the mortal who by great daring, persistence, and for revenge and love, scaled the highest heavens and became a god, is brought to a magnificent climax. "He had power to go swiftly to and fro on spiders' threads between the sky and the earth, in order that he might teach mortals many wise things. But the effulgence of Tauhaki's body became so great that he had to put on a garment of dried bark, wherewith to hide it from the eyes of men . . . And when he moves through the heavens, wonderful lightning flashes rift the clouds, and mighty thunder-claps roll through the sky. And the people say, 'There goes the great Tauhaki.'"

Mrs. Clark is an excellent narrator, a poet herself, and therefore the more, not the less, an accurate interpreter of Maori imagination. For Mr. Atkinson's drawings we can only say in a mood of extreme charity, engendered by the pleasure obtained from the book, that perhaps the reproductions do him wrong.

FERDINAND LASSALLE AND HELENE VON DÖNNIGES. By Elizabeth E. Evans. (Sonnenschein.)

The romantic and tragic story of Lassalle's love for Helene von Dönniges, often told in Germany, appears now for the first time in all its completeness, and literally, in English. Miss Evans' narrative is a satisfactory enough compilation from German sources, especially from Bernhard Becker's book, and Helene's own extraordinary and interesting account of the affair (*Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle von Helene v. Rackovitza*). The account, too, of the great popular leader's aims and general career is intelligent, but the book gains nothing from the writer's endeavours to draw lessons from the tragedy, the significance of which is clear enough to such as can understand its pain. In naming the sources, Miss Evans mentions that the story is told "in a fanciful way" by Meredith in "The Tragic Comedians." This hardly seems to express the use to which our novelist put Helene's confidences, lighting them up of course with his genius, making them his own and the world's, but in no way exaggerating the warmth and the actual surprises of the romantic and bitter story.

LETTERS OF A COUNTRY VICAR. From the French of Yves Le Querdec. By N. Gordon-Holmes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Catholic Christianity at its best, struggling with all the adverse circumstances of modern life, with rustic ignorance and cunning, with townsmen's conceit and hot hostility to the Church, is presented in a charming manner in these letters, which describe the daily cares of the vicar of St. Julien and the regeneration of a parish. They breathe the spirit of pure Christianity, and one by one show a growth in human sagacity born of his sympathetic interest in every man, woman, and child in his cure of souls. Gently conservative, yet facing the eternal laws of change, he is the model of all priests who conceive their place in life to be that of humanisers, reconcilers, sheltering rocks under which there is protection, however wild the havoc of the tempest beyond, for all that will bow before the shrine of simple duty.

MAKE-BELIEVE. By H. D. Lowry. Illustrated. 5s. (Lane.)

Doris, the heroine of these stories and conversations, is a charming little girl from one of the Cornish painters' colonies. Her talks and adventures with the grown-up Visitor are charmingly related; at least, readers of the Visitor's age will think so. But we would give all the prose for this carol which we have found in its midst.

"Lady Mary, in your bower,
Why weep ye sadly?
Tall and white your lilies flower,
All birds sing gladly.
Mary, Lady Mary,
What sorrow bear ye?

'Tis the child that shall be born
(Foolish thou, who questioneth),
'Tis the crown of cruel thorn,
And the sure appointed death.

Mary, Mother, left alone,
Why go ye gladly?
Wherefore make ye not your moan,
Weeping most sadly?
Mary, Mother Mary,
What comfort bear ye?"

Mr. Robinson's illustrations are unsurpassable for fancy and grace of design.

NAPOLEON'S OPERA GLASS. An Historic Study. By Lew Rosen. 3s 6d. (E. Mathews.)

Mr. Rosen's interesting little book is an expansion of Pius VII.'s "Commediante! Tragediante!" levelled by him at Napoleon in the Château of Fontainebleau. It is a thankless, and indeed an ungracious task to criticise the plan of a book when it is quite definite and not at all complicated. But all the way through this volume we have felt that something is wrong. Though Mr. Rosen never says so, his plan forces the inference that he thinks Napoleon's keen interest in the drama and his constant posing in real life were inextricably connected. The connection being of the slightest, and mostly accidental, Mr. Rosen would, we think, have made a better book had he used all his space to speak of Napoleon the actor, not Napoleon the dramatic critic. The emperor's feats in the latter respect were extraordinarily fatuous, when they were not brutally tyrannic. He had all the incapacity of the man of action for judging dispassionately of literature, combined with a profound

interest in it, the strongest temptation to abuse this interest, and a fine opinion of his universal talents. In theory mostly always in the wrong, his practical instincts were generally right. He smelt the slightest danger to his *régime*, and knew perfectly how to put literature in its place. "You live too much with literary and with scientific men," he says to his brother. "They are like coquettes, with whom one should keep up an intercourse of gallantry, but of whom one should never dream of making a wife or a minister." But when passing to Napoleon the actor, we are dealing with no third-rate person. He was a superb artist in life, and we think Mr. Rosen might have spared a little more admiration for him in this respect. After all, however much grandeur there may be in the simplicity of great men, there is nothing despicable in the skill in *mise en scéne* possessed by the most of them. We may prefer to own Wellington, but Wellington did not only despise, he was actually lacking in, the great gift which trebled the natural effect of Napoleon's genius—that of knowing his audience, and how each act, each word of his, would tell beyond the footlights in the great European theatre. Mr. Rosen has little admiration for this gift, yet he has given many interesting examples of its manifestations, so many that he might have omitted from them some perfectly natural, in no way histrionic, speeches of the exile dying in St. Helena.

GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDES. Paris; Florence. 3s. 6d., net each. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Grant Allen, the energetic, prolific and versatile, is here engaged on the most praiseworthy work—a series of guides to the great cities of Europe, especially such as have numerous objects of art and antiquity. They do not propose to rival Bædeker, Murray, or Joanne; they propose, in fact, to make many omissions, to leave out, for instance, such "vulgar wonders" as the Eiffel Tower, the Morgue, the waxworks of the Musée Grévin, and the excursion in the Paris Sewers, and so have more room to talk of Cluny, the Louvre and the Sainte Chapelle. In several other ways the Guides show independence, originality, and good taste. Mr. Allen is never ashamed of being enthusiastic or of being instructive. The most supercilious-looking of artistic tourists loves instruction, even from a guide-book, though he would not own it for the world. The first two volumes seem excellent, judged by their plan, and the series should be a popular success. But whatever the limitations of their aim, they should have had plans of the cities.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS; THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS. Edited by Israel Gollancz. 1s. 6d. each. (Dent.)

Cheap reprints of classics are both good and numerous nowadays, but we have no hesitation in saying that, taking all important things into account, editing, type, good taste in binding, lightness and portability, Messrs. Dent's are beyond comparison the best. The Temple Shakespeare was a complete success, and the two new series now appearing deserve as good a fate. In one we may have the most striking plays of the old dramatists, "The Duchess of Malfi," "Edward II.," etc.; in the other, differing a little in outward shape, and differing, we think, to their advantage, the best-loved books of the great masters of English. Lamb, Swift, Southey have already been included; and the prospect of Florio's Montaigne in so cheap, so tasteful, and so convenient a form, is something for book-lovers of limited means to grow excited over.

THE CATHEDRAL SERIES. Edited by Gleeson White. (1) The Cathedral Church of Canterbury; (2) The Cathedral Church of Salisbury. (Bell and Son.)

Whether you refer to these volumes for architectural or historical information they prove themselves equally satisfactory. Only Westminster Abbey has before been treated as adequately in guide-books at a popular price and within convenient dimensions. The ordinary local guide to our great English churches is a poor affair, dry, gritty, if not empty and inaccurate. The series which Mr. Gleeson White is editing promises to suit admirably the wants of the class of visitors best worth providing for, such as care for more than a hurried rush round the buildings with the verger. They give a careful record of the history of the sees, and a detailed description of the fabric, in very readable form, and the illustrations are excellently fitted for their purpose. The pretty cover design is, we presume, the work of the editor.

THE DREAM OF MR. H—— THE HERBALIST. By Hugh Miller. (Blackwood.)

When a geologist turns story-teller, and uses his own special knowledge for his material, the result is not likely to be a popular success. "The Dream of Mr. H——" will not be asked for at all the libraries. Indeed, it must be said that for all its brevity it manages to include a few really dull passages. But, if not first-rate the whole way through, it is at least an interesting experiment. The writer, who bears an honoured name, is the son of the other Hugh Miller, in whom imagination and love of science were nearly balanced. The dream was an uncomfortable one, for in it the herbalist wandered lost and lonely in a great primeval forest, amid giant trees, in the neighbourhood of strange monsters, and with nothing human anywhere for comfort or protection. It is at once a vision of beauty and a nightmare, and, we make no doubt, a picture as scientifically accurate as possible. The book is clumsy and queer, but it may be kept longer and thought of more often than many neater, smarter productions. One passage haunts the imagination, the description of the moon in carboniferous times—"Soon it was sagging big on the horizon—bigger than any moon of harvest-time, and redder than moons in time of eclipse. I saw with wonder that it was mottled all over with flaming points and small jets of fire, also there was a glow of fire in places round its edges, the reason of which I have since seen to be this, that the volcanoes that now stretch their dead shadows over its deserts were here awake and blazing. I watched the wonder arise, like a brazen targe set with flaming jewels."

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOKS OF FRANCES M. BUSS. Edited by G. Toplis. (Macmillan.)

Miss Buss was a great teacher, and she was so mainly because she understood the nature and the difficulties of girls. She was in the habit of giving weekly extempore addresses on subjects concerned with school and home life. Jottings from these she made in her note-books, and from these jottings this book has been compiled. Readers should not seek in it what it does not pretend to give. What may seem platitudes to older folks supplied ample food for girls' thought, and the sound, healthy, and refined tone of her counsel and her appeals must contain many a suggestion for such as are placed in a position of authority over young people.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH IN CHRISTENDOM. Being the Baird Lecture for 1895. By Henry Cowan, D.D., Professor of Church History in the University of Aberdeen. (Adam and Charles Black.)

Scotsmen have never been credited with much modesty, at least where the claims of their country were concerned; and Professor Cowan's lectures are, to say the least, eminently patriotic. But it may serve a good purpose to give to the world a plain statement of the actual indebtedness of Christendom to the northern and small community in Scotland. Already Presbyterians all over the world are accustomed to look to her as their *alma mater*. But as Professor Cowan's survey includes the early times of Columba and his followers, Anglicans may feel constrained to dip their flag to the northern kingdom by which Christianity was introduced to the larger portion of England. Although in some few points Professor Cowan's statements may be called in question, he has gathered a large amount of material and has placed it before his readers in an agreeable form; and as the ramifications of the Scottish Church and her influence are so world-wide, the volume may be expected to find its way into many lands, and wherever it is read it will bring information and pleasure.

EILEEN'S JOURNEY. History in Fairyland. By Ernest Arthur Jelf. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Let the most important fact concerning this children's gift-book be given first. It is a generous collection of excellent stories from history and romance, of all ages and all countries. The adventures of Flora Macdonald, Haroun Alraschid, Columbus, Brian Boru, Marie Antoinette, Jeanne d'Arc, Michael Angelo, Berengaria, and the heroes of Lucknow, are all in it, with many more quite as attractive and as diverse. We are seized with a doubt that the good stories have run a narrow risk of being spoilt by the con-

necting links; but children must be the judges of that, and if they think there is nothing disturbingly absurd in a human child being personally conducted round the world of history and romance by a highly-instructed, widely-informed Queen of the Fairies, who would be a creditable principal of any young ladies' educational establishment, then we have nothing to say. And in any case children are judicious and skilful skippers. The plums will amply reward their search.

DE QUINCEY'S LYRICS IN PROSE. Selected by R. Brimley Jonson. With Portrait. (G. Allen.)

This series, which already includes Joubert's "Pensées" and Carlyle's "Pen Portraits," promises to be a charming library of dainty books, showing excellent taste in the editing as well as in externals. Mr. Brimley Johnson has made his selection with a fine sense of rhythm and of the essentials of De Quincey's genius, and the result, though it includes, of course, the familiar "Levana" and "The Vision of Sudden Death," is by no means conventional or too obvious.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. H. C.—(1) Full of repetitions; *e.g.*, "Where all is false Mirage . . . ; nothing real," "by thy fountains pure I live, and but for them I soon should die." Thought and imagery very ordinary. Wording artificial. But if it be a juvenile poem I should not call it all unpromising. (2) Better, because evidently sincere. There are some striking phrases. But you should be briefer, and sketch the portrait of the beloved in fewer lines, as your elaboration is not always quite happy, *e.g.*, "The purest snowdrop, etc., is not more pearly white than thy small nose so delicate." Take care not to bring a shadow of ridicule on the beloved.

AUNT ELSIE.—Offer it to infants' magazines. They print the kind of thing. But it does not need criticism. Provided you use short plain sentences, and a conversational, rather caressing, and moral manner, it's all right; and you have learnt that.

BOUVARDIA.—Good. This should be accepted by a magazine. Readers might want to know more clearly why the marriage was delayed all these years till May was too old. It would be easy to invent some explanatory circumstances.

CAROLUS.—Very vague and chaotic. The lines are unshaped, untrimmed, of unequal length of feet, and unmusical. "The bats have commenced their weird dance o'er the moonlit water's brim." What a mouthful! These verses are only in the making. You have chosen a metre rather too difficult for you.

CLARICE.—"A perfect picture of a well-developed young English lady." These are not the words of a village woman. The same fault runs through the whole—if it be a fault; for the style is in keeping with the matter. This kind of melodramatic romance is out of favour just now, but you might offer it to a young lady's story-paper of the old-fashioned type.

E. K. D.—An excellent subject, and I have no great fault to find with its treatment. The conversations are perhaps a little dull. But I think you will have this accepted.

ELINA.—You can do nothing with these, I fear. They are but bursts of fine language connected by desperate rhymes. To criticise them in detail would not be useful or fair.

ETHELON.—Good subject; fair treatment. As to how it "falls short of the standard of the higher class magazine," well, if that means the standard of really good poetry, I should say it is much too long. You could put the gist of it into seven verses, I have calculated. It would be much more vigorous so. There are many unmusical lines; it is all too laboured. Such a stanza as "On the past, etc.," should certainly be omitted. But the verses have dignity and thoughtfulness.

F. J. R.—The moral tone is high; but the story is very tame. A beginner could hardly choose a more impossibly difficult hero than a man of letters. But the fault is not merely there. It all sounds as if you were pursing up your mouth and casting up your eyes as you told the tale. It takes a long time to learn to be natural and easy.

HOPE.—Quite a promising beginning for a nice story. But even for a very popular audience you might try to write a little better. You have the vaguest notion as to when the time comes for a new sentence. And it is not very explanatory to say a person is "restful" because she exhibits "restfulness." This example may serve to show the kind of care which is entirely lacking in your work. I am glad the last story was accepted.

J. A. E.—Good. I was thrilled just at the right moment. Its shortness, too, is much in its favour. This should be accepted by a story-paper, if you make a change or two. I think most readers would want some hint why the ghosts were so exclusive. And avoid the too frequent use of modifying words, as in "palpably modern," "absolutely identical," etc.

LYRIC.—Good. Most conscience-stirring both to editors and contributors. A quite successful quip. Go on, and get out of the waste-paper basket.

M. A.—Not so have the wise and great spoken of her. Stick to your doctrine if you like, but don't be so unsympathetic and so snappy about it. There is a queer bit of logic on p. 7. What has Mammon to do with the case? And in "Fables tend to weaken assertions" you have just the world against you. Cultivate your imagination a little more freely. You are not likely to do it over much. You say of your MS. "Whatever I wrote down, I never in any way changed." Quite so. Reflect a little more next time. Not much good writing is done in that fashion, especially when the mind is immature. You should yet evolve a vigorous style. There is no reason to be discouraged.

M. D. J.—Your own ear must teach you what is wrong here. Read it aloud after a lyric, in some simple metre, by Tennyson, or Wordsworth, say; and if you are not rhythm-deaf, you will have learnt the difference between music and jingle. You are not ready yet for further attempts at verse-writing. Train your ear, and incidentally, your mind, by reading.

W. (Lyme Regis).—I cannot reply to queries made respecting criticism of the MSS. of other correspondents; nor to such as refer to other departments of the paper.

NYLWEM.—I dislike this kind of thing too much to be a judge of it. Send it round to minor religious papers, and see what the editors think of it. My own opinion is that it is fairly good of its kind, but that its kind is unhealthy and lowering to mind and soul.

OXTON.—The writing is distinctly promising. The second paper is thin and halting, but is not without charm; and it is a good sign that you did not maunder on when your matter gave out. As to the more ambitious No. 1, it is careful and dignified in manner. But believe me, you are all wrong, and are nursing an admiration for the pinchbeck sublime, not the real thing. It is a terribly bad literary model you are praising, else, of course, I should not seek to interfere with your opinions.

JOHN QUILL.—No. 1 (Blind) is charming. No. 2 is impressive, but not so successful. The sea springing at the throat of the wind does not seem to me very happy. In 3 you have my cordial sympathy. It is pathetic, but, as a poem, it is of commoner make. No. 4 is good in parts. But I don't quite take in the idea. What are you to do with the Sword of life on the naked heath? After leaving the "stir of men" what is the "quickening strife" you are to engage in? Your verses are interesting. No. 1 should be sent out on its adventures.

R. J. (Dublin).—Fair. It wants to be brighter and more pointed. There is even a little doubt left as to who were outwitted—the coiners or the police. It might possibly be accepted by a paper of the *Tit-Bits* order, if you sharpen its edges a little. If you find good subjects, I think you could make something of popular short stories. A little revision is wanted in the way of avoiding the too frequent repetition of words, *e.g.* p. 1.

RODERICK.—I see you enjoyed a picture. That is something. But in grateful homage to the painter, you might, since you rhymed, have made your lines scan, chosen a metre and stuck to it, and found a more graceful way of expressing your admiration than "Late do our steps from this view diverge."

ROSEBUD.—Shows nice feeling, and a fair command of Scots. (But "some airt I had miss't the way," doesn't sound right; and I am sceptical about "courie.") It is very long and a little dull. Cut it boldly, and perhaps a colonial paper with Scotch subscribers might take it.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

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Bjornson's Arne.
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Fergusson's Handbook of Architecture, 2 vols.

THOMAS CARVER, 8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

Burns' Poetical Works, pub. at Newcastle, 1802.
Nevien, British Angler's Lexicon.
Robertson, Household Physician.
White, Abergavenny, 2nd edition, 1866.
Stafford (Hugh), Treatise on Cider-making, 1753.
James (Warren), Life, 1831.